HAMILTON COLLEGE STUDIES AND PUBLICATIONS

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WITH A TRANSLATION
BY

CLEVELAND K. CHASE
HAMILTON COLLEGE

CLINTON, N. Y.
PUBLISHED BY HAMILTON COLLEGE
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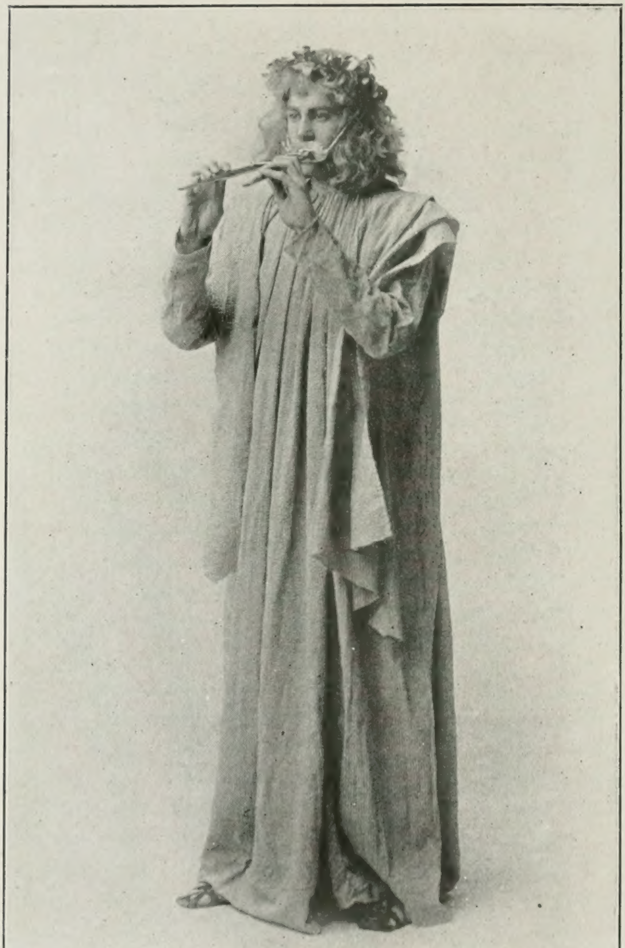
CHASE

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[NEW SERIES]

VOL. I

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TIBICEN · SCAENICVS

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# PREFACE

This edition of the *Rudens* has been issued primarily to serve as a libretto for the performance of the play in Latin at Hamilton College in 1919, but it is hoped that it may be of value to others interested in the production of Latin plays. In the English version I have kept the problem of stage performance constantly in mind, partly in view of the need of more renderings suitable for playing purposes. Preparatory schools wishing to stage a Latin play in English will find in the *Rudens,* with its picturesqueness and color, one of the best of the Plautine plays for the purpose. This attempt to subject each line of the translation to the test of its suitability for actual performance precludes, naturally, even idiomatic literalness. On the other hand the temptation to condense materially, or otherwise rewrite the play, in an effort to remedy what may appear to be defects in the craftsmanship of Plautus—after the manner, for instance, of W. W.'s splendid Elizabethan translation of the *Menaechmi*—has been resisted. Such pruning has been left to the discretion of those undertaking to stage the play. The attempt has been made therefore to bring over into the English vernacular practically every thought in the original.

The text is substantially that of Sonnenschein's admirable edition. A few lines omitted by him have been restored; parts have occasionally been redis-

tributed; stage directions have been confined to the translation, and the marks indicating ictus have been omitted; and there have been a few changes in readings and in punctuation. Occasional phrases in Professor Sonnenschein's notes have seemed so exactly what was demanded—almost the inevitable word in fact—that they have been incorporated in the translation.

It has seemed well to insert in the introduction a few suggestions, based on long experience, on the performance in Latin of Plautus and Terence in American colleges.

I acknowledge gratefully the assistance rendered by my colleague, Professor Donald B. Durham, in the reading of the manuscript and the proof. And grateful appreciation is here expressed also of the gifts to the College by Messrs. H. H. Benedict, F. D. Locke, W. M. Bristol, and T. R. Proctor, which have made possible the publication of this volume.

C. K. C.

Clinton, N. Y., May 1, 1919.

# INTRODUCTION

The *Rudens* is an adaptation by Plautus of one of the plays of the Greek New Comedy by Diphilus. It was probably first produced in Rome early in the second century B. C., shortly after the close of the long Second Punic War. As the title *fabula palliata* (from the characteristic Greek *pallium* worn by the actors) indicates, the play is Greek in its setting, but Plautus never hesitates to add the touch of Roman color to his Greek originals.

Of the twenty extant plays of Plautus, the *Rudens* is certainly one of the best. It has no scenes to rival in liveliness such a passage, for instance, as the famous mad scene in the *Menaechmi,* the play from which Shakespeare drew his *Comedy of Errors*. It does not attain the moral elevation of the *Captivi,* to take another illustration. And there are certain defects in craftsmanship which tend, among other things, to undue legth in some of the scenes, especially in the last half of the play, and to the presentation to the audience of the same information more than once. The *Rudens* is however notable for its picturesqueness and color; there is very little that is hackneyed in lines or situations; the characters are in general consistent and well portrayed, in spite of any disgust that may be felt at the unduly kind treatment shown at the end to the procurer, Labrax. The dramatic unities, it may be

noted, are completely observed, and the plot is clearly and convincingly unfolded.

In one respect the play is of especial interest: namely, in the illustration it contains of the native Italian dramatic farce. The banter between Labrax and Charmides, in the second act, is an excellent example of what must have been a salient feature of this early development in the field of comedy. It would be hard to find a better illustration of action visible to those on the stage but not to the audience than the scene containing the dramatic description of the shipwreck by the slave Sceparnio, at the opening of the first act. The setting of the *Rudens* also, with its atmosphere of sea and fisher-folk and simple rustic piety, is much more picturesque than that of the average Plautine play.

Most of the prologues attached to the plays of Plautus were not written by him, but date probably from the dramatic revival of Terence's time; it is possible, however, that the prologue of the *Rudens* is, at least in part, Plautine. The Prologue, in the person of the mythological Arcturus, gives in detail the story leading up to the incidents of the play proper. Daemones, whose farm cottage, next to a little temple of Venus, forms a part of the stage settting, after losing his fortune at Athens, is in voluntary exile in the neighborhood of Cyrene, in northern Africa. His only child, a daughter, had been stolen from him in her infancy. She is now owned by a procurer, who had just arranged to sell her to an Athenian youth, Plesidippus, at that time visiting Cyrene. But after receiv-

ing part payment for the girl, the procurer treacherously attempts to carry her away to Sicily, having first, in order to throw him off his guard, invited Plesidippus to join him at a sacrificial breakfast at the temple of Venus.

Then comes the great storm. In a sense the storm, or the result of the storm, is the pivotal fact in the play. The storm batters the cottage of Daemones, and so disturbs the sea that the fishermen have little hope of catch. It is the storm that wrecks the ship containing the procurer and the two girls, Palaestra (the lost daughter) and her friend Ampelisca. The storm casts them all up in turn upon the shore near the very temple to which Labrax, the procurer, had invited the young man. Here follows the attempt of Labrax to seize the girls again, and his final discomfiture at the hands of Plesidippus, assisted by the kindly old man, Daemones.

In the third act Gripus, the slave of Daemones, brings home the traveling-hamper which was lost by the procurer as a result of the storm, and which he has himself fished out of the sea. This hamper, still entangled in the fisherman's net, is tied about with a rope which drags lengthily behind Gripus. It is this rope *(rudens)* that furnishes the title to the comedy, and incidentally the occasion for a considerable amount of lively by-play. The *Rudens* might well, indeed, have been called *The Hamper* or *The Wicker Basket,* instead of *The Rope,* if Plautus had not used the title for one of his other plays.

The rescued hamper proves to contain the tokens of identification belonging to Palaestra, and when these are taken out, in spite of the protests of Gripus, who claims ownership of all the hamper's contents, they show the girl to be the long lost daughter of Daemones. After the excellent identification scene, the conventional happy dénouement is brought about. The last act is devoted, on the one hand, to Gripus and the reward of freedom which at last comes to him for his discovery of the hamper containing the procurer's wealth, and, on the other, to the partial restoration of the fortunes of the procurer, who at the same time receives from Daemones a social recognition that he ill deserves.

There are some questions concerning the ancient production of a Latin comedy that can probably never be solved. Most of these are connected with the problem of the music and the rendering of the lyrical metres. It is known that some of the lines written for musical accompaniment *(cantica)* were sung, either on or off the stage; that others were recited or chanted, against a background of music played by the ancient pipe *(tibia)*; and the plays must have approximated to a certain extent our modern comic opera. We do not know all that we should like about the metrical reading of even the narrative lines *(diverbia)*, or exactly how elision was treated. But aside from this, there is little as to which we are not in general well informed, even down to matters of costuming and make-up.

The plays of Plautus and Terence have maintained

their popularity down to the present time, and are still frequently performed; in some of the English schools, a Latin play has been an annnal event for centuries. In this country they are performed less frequently; except in some of the Catholic colleges they are not common occurrences. Aside from such Church schools, perhaps no college has anything like the Hamilton College tradition of a Latin play every three years—an interval short enough to ensure that there shall always be at least one class in college that has witnessed such a performance. As long as the principal emphasis is placed on a perfect metrical reading of the lines, something very difficult to secure, this infrequency of production in America is likely to continue. The Harvard performance of the *Phormio* of Terence is a case in point. In this was reached the high-water mark of excellence in this country. Many men collaborated to attain this perfection; neither time nor effort was spared. And, partly as a result, a quarter of a century has passed without another Latin play at Harvard. Excellent as these plays are, they are hardly worth such effort.

In college communities, however, where practically the entire student body is more or less familiar with Latin, there is no question as to the great value of a first-hand acquaintance with these splendid mirrors of classical antiquity. The Latin vernacular acquires a new meaning, and these excellent examples of the comedy of manners, with their permanent, universal appeal, bridge the gap between the old and the new

worlds. It takes a competent group of undergraduate actors little more time to prepare for the production of a play of Plautus than to stage a good performance of an English classic. In two months the lines can be learned by students in their spare time, and the play be put on with all the swing of any good comedy—always provided the academic mind does not yearn excessively after niceties of quantity and accent.

The following explanatory statement published at the time of the performance of the *Captives* at Hamilton College in 1913, gives the general aim and outline of a method of presenting Latin comedy which has been tested during fifteen years, and, it is believed, with satisfactory results.

"The aim of this performance of the *Captives* has been to secure a spirited reading of the lines, with the main emphasis on the interpretation. It has been our experience that, if one can be contented with only a fair accent and an indifferent quantitative reading of the lines, the production of a comedy in Latin by college students, well played, is little more difficult than the production of the ordinary college play. Only a little over two months has been devoted to the work of learning the lines and staging the play, all done fairly easily by members of the Latin Club outside of regular work. By following rather the tradition of the English school plays than the Harvard precedent in the *Phormio,* it is hoped to demonstrate the feasibility of performing plays in Latin without the extraordinary and all but impossible effort (i. e., for busy students)

required when the attempt is made to secure great accuracy in the matter of quantities, elisions, etc. In fact regard for elision so complicates the interpretation according to the sense and the catching of the lines by the unaccustomed ear, that it has its distinct drawbacks.

"In spite of the misgivings of many excellent Latinists, it has been found by experience that the use of incidental music (the Frederic DeForest Allen music) as background music for the *cantica* is both effective and reasonably convincing, in spite of defective quantities and the treatment of the lines as practically pure prose. The character of the music is made to correspond to the spirit of the lines, the general treatment being one with which the public has been well familiarized during recent years.

"This statement is made that no one may come to witness the play with the expectation of hearing a more or less perfect treatment of Latin quantities; one will hear for the most part only the Latin of the American class-room. But it is hoped that the intelligent interpretation and the general life and movement of a comedy of Plautus well staged, and, it is hoped, competently performed, will compensate for other losses. The play is produced primarily for the undergraduates of Hamilton College, comparatively few of whom have had much more than one year of College Latin, although all have had as much. Most of the important roles are taken by men who are also members of The

Charlatans, the dramatic organization of the students of Hamilton College."

It is then not a difficult matter to secure that at least every student generation should witness the performance of a Latin play. And the price of something less than perfection in Latin pronunciation is not too much to pay for all that is gained. The use of music written so as at least to suggest the ancient mode, as incidental music for the *cantica,* would seem eminently worth while. There is probably none more suited to the purpose than that written by Professor Frederic De Forest Allen for the Harvard *Phormio.* It seems wiser, however, unless the auditorium is very large or in the open, to rescore the music so as to employ one flute and two clarionets, instead of the five instruments called for in the original score. It is an interesting commentary on the effectiveness of simple camouflage that invariably a considerable number of the auditors is deceived by the dummy flutist *(tibicen scaenicus).* And his presence during so much of the performance adds life and color to the scene.

## ARGVMENTVM

Reti piscator de mari extraxit uidulum,
Vbi erant erilis filiae crepundia,
Dominum ad lenonem quae subrepta uenerat.
Ea in clientelam suipte inprudens patris
Naufragio eiecta deuenit: cognoscitur
Suoque amico Plesidippo iungitur.

## PERSONAE

Arctvrvs Prologvs
Sceparnio Servos
Plesidippvs Advlescens
Daemones Senex
Palaestra Mvlier
Ampelisca Mvlier
Ptolemocratia Sacerdos
Piscatores
Trachalio Servos
Labrax Leno
Charmides Senex
Lorarii
Gripvs Piscator

Scaena CYRENIS

## ARGUMENT

**R**ight from the sea a fisherman a hamper drew;
**U**nlocked, it showed the tokens of his master's child:
**D**aughter she was, though servant to procurer vile,
**E**stablished, after shipwreck, as her father's ward—
**N**ow safe, though still unknown. At last, his daughter
proved,
**S**he weds her erstwhile lover, Plesidippus true.

## PERSONS

ARCTURUS, prologue

SCEPARNIO, slave of Daemones

PLESIDIPPUS, a young man, in love with Palaestra

DAEMONES, an old man, from Athens, driven by loss of fortune to live at Cyrene, in Africa, on a farm

PALAESTRA, a young woman, daughter of Daemones, but kidnapped when a child; now owned by Labrax

AMPELISCA, a young woman in the possession of Labrax.

PTOLEMOCRATIA, elderly priestess of Venus

FISHERMEN, poor men from Cyrene who make a meagre living by fishing along the shore

TRACHALIO, slave of Plesidippus

LABRAX, a procurer

CHARMIDES, an old man, friend of Labrax

LORARII, slave-drivers belonging to Daemones

GRIPUS, fisherman, and slave of Daemones

The *persons* are listed in the order of their appearance in the play, according to the Latin custom.

The scene is laid at Cyrene, in northern Africa, and remains the same throughout the play.

# PROLOGVS

## Arctvrvs

Qui gentis omnis mariaque et terras mouet,
Eius sum ciuis ciuitate caelitum.
Ita sum ut uidetis splendens stella candida,
Signum quod semper tempore exoritur suo.
Hic atque in caelo nomen Arcturost mihi.
Noctu sum in caelo clarus atque inter deos,
Inter mortalis ambulo clam interdius.
Et alia signa de caelo ad terram accidunt:
Quist imperator diuom atque hominum Iuppiter,
Is nos per gentis aliud alia disparat,
Qui facta hominum moresque, pietatem et fidem
Noscamus, ut quemque adiuuet opulentia.
Qui falsas litis falsis testimoniis
Petunt quique in iure abiurant pecuniam,
Eorum referimus nomina exscripta ad Iouem.
Cotidie ille scit quis hic quaerat malum.
Qui hic litem apisci postulant peiurio
Mali, res falsas qui inpetrant apud iudicem,
Iterum ille eam rem iudicatam iudicat:
Maiore multa multat quam litem auferunt.
Bonos in aliis tabulis exscriptos habet.
Atque hoc scelesti si in animum inducunt suom,
Iouem se placare posse donis, hostiis,
Et operam et sumptum perdunt. id eo fit, quia

# PROLOGUE

Compatriot am I, from the realms of the immortals, of him who shakes all lands and seas. I am, as you may see, a gleaming constellation bright; and ever in due season I rise. Arcturus am I called, both here and in heaven, and fair I shine at night among the gods; by day I pass the time with mortals, I and other signs that make their way to earth. Our supreme commander, Jove, doth station us about the world, to note the ways and deeds of men, their faith, their reverence, to give them aid. Whoso falsely swears, to win his suit, or forswears his obligations, his name is entered forthwith in Jove's book of accounts. And however great his perjured gains, the judge on high reopens the case, and reverses; and now he loses more than in the courts of men he falsely made. And Jove knows each day whose heart desires the evil course. But virtue finds its name in another column entered. And the evil wretch who hopes by gift and victim to appease the god has his toil for his pains. For Jove cares naught

Nihil ei acceptumst a periuris supplici.
Facilius si qui pius est a dis supplicans
Quam qui scelestust inueniet ueniam sibi.
Idcirco moneo uos ego haec, qui estis boni
Quique aetatem agitis cum pietate et cum fide:

. . . . . . . . . .

Retinete porro, post factum ut laetemini.
Nunc, huc qua causa ueni, argumentum eloquar.
Primumdum huic esse nomen urbi Diphilus
Cyrenas uoluit. illic habitat Daemones
In agro atque uilla proxuma propter mare,
Senex qui huc Athenis exul uenit, hau malus.
Neque is adeo propter malitiam patria caret,
Sed dum alios seruat, se inpediuit interim:
Rem bene paratam comitate perdidit.
Huic filiola una uirgo periit paruola:
Eam de praedone uir mercatur pessumus:
Is eam huc Cyrenas leno aduexit uirginem.
Adulescens quidam ciuis huius Atticus
Eam uidit ire e ludo fidicinio domum.
Amare occepit: ad lenonem deuenit,
Minis triginta sibi puellam destinat
Datque arrabonem et iureiurando adligat.
Is leno, ut se aequomst, flocci non fecit fidem
Neque quod iuratus adulescenti dixerat.
Ei erat quidam hospes par sui, Siculus senex
Scelestus Agrigentinus, urbis proditor:
Is illius laudare infit formam uirginis
Et aliarum itidem quae eius erant mulierculae.
Infit lenoni suadere, ut secum simul

for the perjured offering; while he who keeps faith will ever find leniency from him. One word of advice then, to those who know yourselves good, who keep faith with men and show reverence to the gods: stand steadfast, that hereafter you may reap due reward.

Now hear the reason why I've come. It was the poet's will that the town here be Cyrene; and here too, in a house on a farm hard by the sea, dwells Daemones, an old man far from his native Athens, whose exile here was through no fault of his, for his life was blameless. Rather does he suffer the penalty of a kindly heart, his property lost in the service of his friends. He had a daughter once, but the wretch who stole her, a mere child, sold her to a vile pander, who hither brought her. And now a youth from Athens, sojourning here, seeing her as she returned home from her music school, fell in love with her, approached her master, and for thirty minas bought her. And straightway he made ample deposit upon the purchase and bound the pander by an oath to complete the transfer. But that vile wretch, as one might know, cared no whit for plighted word or oath.

It chanced a friend of his from Sicily, old, vicious, a man who well his own country might betray, was visiting him. He praised the girl's beauty, and likewise that of the other women in the pander's train, and urged to take them all to Sicily, where, thus he declared, men were so given to pleasure that such trade

Eat in Siciliam: ibi esse homines uoluptarios
Dicit: potesse diuitem ibi eum fieri.
Ibi esse quaestum maxumum meretricibus.
Persuadet. nauis clanculum conducitur.
Quidquid erat, noctu in nauem conportat domo
Leno: adulescenti, qui puellam ab eo emerat,
Ait sese Veneri uelle uotum soluere
—Id hic est Veneris fanum—atque adeo ad prandium
Vocauit adulescentem huc. ipse hinc ilico
Conscendit nauem atque auehit meretriculas.
Adulescenti alii narrant ut res gesta sit:
Lenonem abisse. ad portum adulescens quom uenit,
Illorum nauis longe in altum apscesserat.
Ego quoniam uideo uirginem asportarier,
Tetuli et ei auxilium et lenoni exitium simul:
Increpui hibernum et fluctus moui maritumos.
Nam Arcturus signum sum omnium unum acerrumum:
Vehemens sum exoriens, quom occido uehementior.
Nunc ambo, leno atque hospes, in saxo simul
Sedent eiecti: nauis confractast eis.
Illa autem uirgo atque altera itidem ancillula
De naui timidae desuluerunt in scapham.
Nunc eas ab saxo fluctus ad terram ferunt
Ad uillam illius, exul ubi habitat senex,
Quoius deturbauit uentus tectum et tegulas.
Sed seruos illic est eius qui egreditur foras.
Adulescens huc iam adueniet, quem uidebitis,
Qui illam mercatust de lenone uirginem.
Valete, ut hostes uostri diffidant sibi.

as his would reap great profit. He gained his point. A ship was chartered and all the pander had was secretly placed by night upon it. To the youth who had bought the girl, he told of a vow to Venus (note here her shrine) and bid him to a breakfast here; then clapped sail upon his ship, and cleared the harbor with his women, leaving it to others to let the youth know what had befallen. Who, seeking him at the port, found the ship far out at sea.

Now I, when I saw the maiden's plight, thus stolen, brought aid to her, but ruin to the pander. With wintry blast I raged, and roughened all the surface of the sea. For know that I am Arcturus, of all the constellations none more fierce, whether at the rising, or when, at my course's end, in storm I hide my light. Look you now, both pander and his Sicilian friend cast forth upon the rocks, shipwrecked. But see, the young girl and a little maid, her friend, all trembling have leaped from the waves into a tiny boat, and the flood bears them landward from the rocks, towards this very cottage, where dwells the old man from Athens; his cottage too, and roof have suffered from the storm. The slave who now comes out is his slave, and soon you shall see with your own eyes the youth who bought the girl. Farewell now, and may your enemies give way before you.



# RVDENS

## ACTVS I

SCEPARNIO I, i

Pro di inmortales, tempestatem quoiusmodi
Neptunus nobis nocte hac misit proxuma.
Detexit uentus uillam—quid uerbis opust?
Non uentus fuit, uerum Alcumena Euripidi:
Ita omnis de tecto deturbauit tegulas—
Inlustriorem fecit fenestrasque indidit.

# THE ROPE

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS

## ACT I

SCENE—*A road, leading from Cyrene and its harbor, on the right, to the sea-shore, on the left. In the near back-ground is a small area, raised slightly above the shore line, with a small temple of Venus facing it diagonally, on the right, and the farm cottage ofDaemones, in a corresponding position, on the left. Between the two buildings, in the centre, there is a clear glimpse of the sky-line above the sea, extending half the width of the stage; the altar in front of the temple shows against the sky-line. At the left front, flanking the side of the cottage, is thick foliage, including bulrushes; the temple, on the other side, is correspondingly flanked by rocks. It is thus possible for persons at the opposite sides of the stage to be visible to the audience, and yet be out of sight of each other, and of the area proper. It is a clear morning after a hard storm, and Sceparnio comes out of the cottage, carrying a spade, ready to begin the work of the day.*

SCEP. Ye gods! What a storm on the sea last night! And how the winds raised the roof! In fact, it was no mere wind, but what Euripides sent to Alcmene; for see how all the tiles are loose or gone; and the storm has made new windows to let in light.

PLESIDIPPVS SCEPARNIO DAEMONES I, ii

PLES. Et uos a uostris abduxi negotiis
Neque id processit, qua uos duxi gratia,
Neque quiui ad portum lenonem prehendere.
Sed mea desidia spem deserere nolui:
Eo uos, amici, detinui diutius.
Nunc huc ad Veneris fanum uenio uisere,
Vbi rem diuinam se facturum dixerat.
SCEP. Si sapiam, hoc quod me mactat concinnem lutum.
PLES. Prope me hic nescioquis loquitur. DAE. Heus, Sceparnio.
SCEP. Qui nominat me? DAE. Qui pro te argentum dedit.
SCEP. Quasi me tuom esse seruom dicas, Daemones.
DAE. Luto usust multo, multam terram confode.
Villam integundam intellego totam mihi:
Nam nunc perlucet ea quam cribrum crebrius.
PLES. Pater, salueto—amboque adeo. DAE. Saluos sis.
SCEP. Sed utrum tu masne an femina es, qui illum patrem
Voces? PLES. Vir sum equidem. SCEP. Quaere, uir, porro patrem.
DAE. Filiolam ego unam quam habui, eam unam perdidi:
Virile sexus numquam ullum habui. PLES. At di dabunt.
SCEP. Tibi quidem hercle, quisquis es, magnum malum,
Qui oratione hic occupatos occupes.

*Enter, from the right, Plesidippus with three friends.*

PLES. I have brought you from your affairs, and yet have failed in what I sought; and the procurer we couldn't catch at the harbor. But I could not bear to lose my hopes through lack of effort, and so have kept you with me all this while. But I want now to visit this shrine of Venus, where he said he had a vow to pay.

SCEP. If I'm wise, I'll be getting this confounded clay dug.

PLES. Somebody's talking here.

*Enter Daemones, from cottage.*

DAE. Hello, Sceparnio!

SCEP. Who's calling?

DAE. The man who paid for you.

SCEP. Hm! You'll be calling me your slave next, Daemones.

DAE. Well, we shall need a lot of clay, so dig the earth up thoroughly. I see the whole house will have to be patched over....hm! "whole" is good; it's all holes.

PLES. *(Advancing)* Good morning, good father—and to both of you.

DAE. Good morning, sir.

SCEP. I say, are you a man or a woman, to be calling him father?

PLES. Why, I am a man.

SCEP. Then go look for another father.

DAE. I did have a daughter once, you see, but I lost her when she was young; I never had a son.

PLES. But the gods will surely give you—

SCEP. *(Interrupting, to Plesidippus)* Well, if you ask me, they'll surely give *you* the devil for coming here, whoever you are, to trouble those who've got troubles of their own.

PLES. Isticine uos habitatis? SCEP. Quid tu id quaeritas?
An quo furatum uenias uestigas loca?
PLES. Peculiosum esse addecet seruom et probum,
Quem ero praesente praetereat oratio,
Aut qui inclementer dicat homini libero.
SCEP. Et inpudicum et inpudentem hominem addecet
Molestum ultro aduenire ad alienam domum,
Quoi debeatur nil. DAE. Tace, Sceparnio.
Quid opust, adulescens? PLES. Istic infortunium,
Qui praefestinet ubi erus adsit praeloqui.
Sed nisi molestumst, paucis percontarier
Volo ego ex te. DAE. Dabitur opera, atque in negotio.
SCEP. Quin tu in paludem is exicasque harundinem,
Qui pertegamus uillam, dum sudumst? DAE. Tace.
Tu si quid opus est dice. PLES. Dic quod te rogo,
Ecquem tu hic hominem crispum, incanum uideris,
Malum, periurum, palpatorem. DAE. Plurumos:
Nam ego propter eius modi uiros uiuo miser.
PLES. Hic dico, in fanum Veneris qui mulierculas
Duas secum adduxit quique adornaret sibi
Vt rem diuinam faciat, aut hodie aut heri.
DAE. Non hercle, adulescens, iam hos dies complusculos
Quemquam istic uidi sacruficare: neque potest
Clam me esse, si qui sacruficat. semper petunt
Aquam hinc aut ignem aut uascula aut cultrum aut ueru
Aut aulam extarem aut aliquid: quid uerbis opust?
Veneri paraui uasa et puteum, non mihi.

PLES. Do you live here?

SCEP. What do you want to know for? Looking up places to rob?

PLES. That slave of yours must be a privileged character, to talk so much in the presence of his master, and to address a gentleman so uncivilly.

SCEP. And you must be a bold, nervy fellow, to be butting into other people's houses, where no one owes you anything.

DAE. Keep quiet, Sceparnio. What is it you wish, young man?

PLES. Well first, a curse on this fellow for not letting his master get in a word first. But, if it is not too much trouble, I should like to ask you a few questions.

DAE. Certainly, although you find me in the midst of work.

SCEP. Say, why don't you go down to the marsh instead, while the weather's clear, and cut reeds to thatch the house?

DAE. Be quiet. *(To Plesidippus)* If I can be of assistance, let me know.

PLES. Please tell me whether you have seen a rascally looking chap, with curly, gray hair, a false, fawning sort of a scoundrel.

DAE. I've seen many of that breed, and it's thanks to such that I lead an unhappy life.

PLES. I mean *here*—a man who was bringing two women with him to the shrine of Venus, to offer a sacrifice either yesterday or today.

DAE. Emphatically not. I've seen no one sacrificing here for several days, and it would be impossible to do so without my knowledge. For they are always asking at the house for water, or coals, or a knife, or a spit, or a dish, or something—in fact one would think my utensils and well belonged to Venus and not to me.

Nunc interuallum iam hos dies multos fuit.
Ples. Vt uerba praehibes, me periisse praedicas.
Dae. Mea quidem hercle causa saluos sis licet.
Scep. Heus tu, qui fana uentris causa circumis,
Iubere meliust prandium ornari domi.
Dae. Fortasse tu huc uocatus es ad prandium,
Ille qui uocauit, nullus uenit? Ples. Admodum.
Scep. Nullumst periclum te hinc ire inpransum domum.
Cererem te meliust quam Venerem sectarier:
Amori haec curat, tritico curat Ceres.
Ples. Deludificauit me ille homo indignis modis.
Dae. Pro di inmortales, quid illuc est, Sceparnio,
Hominum secundum litus? Scep. Vt mea opiniost,
Propter uiam illi sunt uocati ad prandium.
Dae. Qui? Scep. Quia post cenam, credo, lauerunt heri.
Dae. Confracta nauis in marist illis. Scep. Itast:
At hercle nobis uilla in terra et tegulae. Dae. Hui,
Homunculi quanti estis! eiecti ut natant!
Ples. Vbi sunt isti homines, opsecro? Dae. Hac ad dexteram
Viden secundum litus? Ples. Video: sequimini.
Vtinam is sit quem ego quaero, uir sacerrumus.
Valete. Scep. Si non moneas, nosmet meminimus.
Sed o Palaemon, sancte Neptuni comes,
†Qui Herculis socius esse diceris,
Quod facinus uideo? Dae. Quid uides? Scep. Mulierculas
Video sedentis in scapha solas duas.

PLES. You pronounce death sentence upon me by those words.

DAE. Not I, sir; you may live as long and happily as you wish, as far as I am concerned.

SCEP. I say, you, who make the rounds of the temples to get your belly full, why don't you have your meals served at home?

DAE. Perhaps you've been invited here to a breakfast, and he who invited you hasn't come?

PLES. Exactly.

SCEP. There's no harm, then, in your going home without breakfast. You ought to pray to Ceres rather than to Venus; for she gives you grub, and Venus only love.

PLES. *(To his friends)* That scoundrel, Labrax, has fooled me shamefully.

DAE. By the gods! Sceparnio, what's that crowd down by the shore?

SCEP. That's a party invited to a farewell breakfast, I should say.

DAE. How so?

SCEP. Because they took their bath after dinner yesterday, a sea-bath that is, and so are ready for lunch today.

DAE. Their ship has been wrecked on the sea.

SCEP. That's true; but so has our house been wrecked on land, by Jove, and the roof too.

DAE. Ah, poor creatures! See how they swim from the wreck!

PLES. Where are they, pray?

DAE. Off here to the right, along the shore.

PLES. I see. *(To his friends)* Come on. I hope the man we're looking for is there, curse him. *(To the others)* And you, farewell.

[*Exeunt Plesidippus and friends, to the right.*]

SCEP. We can fare well without any help from you.

Vt adflictantur miserae! euge, euge, perbene!
Ab saxo auortit fluctus ad litus scapham,
Neque gubernator umquam potuit tam bene.
Non uidisse undas me maiores censeo.
Saluae sunt, si illos fluctus deuitauerint.
Nunc nunc periclumst: unda eiecit alteram.
At in uadost: iam facile enabit. eugepae!
Viden alteram illam ut fluctus eiecit foras?
Surrexit, horsum se capessit; salua res.
Desiluit haec autem altera in terram e scapha.
Vt prae timore in genua in undas concidit!
Saluast! euasit ex aqua: iam in litorest.
Sed dextrouorsum auorsa it in malam crucem.
Hem, errabit illaec hodie. DAE. Quid id refert tua?
SCEP. Si ad saxum, quo capessit, ea deorsum cadit,
Errationis fecerit conpendium.
DAE. Si tu de illarum cenaturus uesperi es,
Illis curandum censeo, Sceparnio:
Si apud me essurus es, mihi dari operam uolo.
SCEP. Bonum aequomque oras. DAE. Sequere me hac ergo. SCEP. Sequor.

PALAESTRA I, iii

Nimio hominum fortunae minus miserae memorantur
Quam in usu experiundo is datur acerbum.
Satin hoc deo conplacitumst me hoc ornatu ornatam
In incertas regiones timidam eiectam.
Hancine ego ad rem natam esse me miseram memorabo? 189a
Hancine ego partem capio 189b

But holy Palaemon, partner of Neptune and Hercules, what a sight!

DAE. What do you see?

SCEP. Two women sitting alone in a little skiff. How the poor things are tossed about! ...Good! good for you! that's fine! The waves have driven the boat off the rocks toward the shore; a pilot couldn't have done better. I never saw the sea so high; but they're safe, if they escape the breakers.....Now, now's the danger. One of them is overboard, but she's in shallow water, and will easily get out. Oh, great! Did you see how the waves washed her out? But she's up and coming this way. It's all right now. But the other has jumped from the boat. She's so frightened, she's down on her knees in the waves. No, she's safe now, and out of the water. There, she is safe on the shore.....But she's turning now towards the right, to sure death. Oh, she'll be lost there.

DAE. Well, that's no concern of yours.

SCEP. If she falls down on those rocks where she's headed, it will be the last of her wanderings.

DAE. See here, Sceparnio, if you're going to have your dinner at their expense this evening, it's all right to worry about them; but if you eat here, I want you to get to work.

SCEP. All right; that's a fair demand.

DAE. Follow me then.

SCEP. I'm coming.

[*Exeunt Daemones and Sceparnio into cottage.*]

*Enter Palaestra, by the road from the left. She is wet and exhausted, after having been shipwrecked, and, unable to go farther, stops at the extreme left of stage, out of sight of the temple area.*

PAL. Ah, how much more bitter is life than the tales men weave about it. And here am I, left like

Ob pietatem praecipuam? 189c
Nam hoc mihi sat laborist laborem hunc potiri, 190
Si ego erga parentis aut deos me inpiaui:
Sed id si parate curaui ut cauerem,
Tum mi hoc indecore, inique, inmodeste
Datis di: nam quid habebunt sibi 194a
Insigne posthac inpii, 194b
Si ad hunc modumst innoxiis 195a
Honor apud uos? 195b
Nam me si sciam quid fecisse aut parentis
Sceleste, minus me miserer.
Sed erile scelus me sollicitat, eius inpietas me male habet:
Is nauem atque omnia perdidit in mari.
Haec bonorum eius sunt reliquiae. 200a
Etiam quae simul 200b
Vecta mecum in scaphast, excidit: 201a
Ego nunc sola sum. 201b
Quae mihi si foret salua saltem labor
Lenior esset hic mi eius opera.
Nunc quam spem aut opem aut consili quid capessam?
Ita hic sola solis locis . . . . . 205a
. . . . . . conpotita sum. 205b
Hic saxa sunt, hic mare sonat, 206a
Neque quisquam homo mi ob uiam uenit. 206b
. . . . . . . .
Hoc quod induta sum, summae opes oppido: 207
Nec cibo nec loco tecta quo sim scio.
Quae mihist spes qua me uiuere uelim?

this *(Looks at her dress),* in terror, cast upon an unknown shore, at the will of heaven. Was it for this I was born? Is this the reward of a life without offense? If in piety to parents or to gods I have been lacking, this would be no injustice. But if exactly in this I have been most careful, then you are wrong, immortals, and most unfair. For how will you repay hereafter the impious, if so you honor the innocent? I should not feel so sorry for myself, if either my parents or I were to blame. But it's my vile master, and his impiety, that have got me into this trouble. Well, he has lost everything, his ship included; I am the last remains of his fortune. She who was with me on the boat is gone; I am alone. If only she were left, it would not be so hard. Where shall I turn for help? Alone, by lonely sea and rocks, meeting no one, what I wear my only fortune; no roof, no food, why should I hope to live? Will there be no one who lives nearby to show me a road or pathway out, to relieve me from my uncertainties? Cold, and fear, and all distractions overwhelm me. My poor parents, you know not how

Nec loci gnara sum nec etiamdum hic fui.
Saltem aliquem uelim
Qui mi ex his locis
Aut uiam aut semitam monstret: ita nunc
Hac an illac eam, incerta sum consili:
Nec prope usquam hic quidem cultum agrum conspicor.
Algor, error, pauor me omnia tenent.
Haec, parentes mei, haud scitis miseri
Me nunc miseram esse ita uti sum.
Libera ego prognata fui maxume, nequiquam fui.
Nunc qui minus seruio, quam si
Serua forem nata?
Neque quicquam umquam illis profui, qui me sibi eduxerunt.

AMPELISCA PALAESTRA I, iv

AMP. Quid mihi meliust, quid magis in remst, quam a corpore uitam ut secludam?
Ita male uiuo atque ita mihi multae in pectore sunt curae exanimales:
Ita res se habent: uitae hau parco: perdidi spem qua me oblectabam.
Omnia iam circumcursaui atque omnibus latebris perreptaui
Quaerere conseruam uoce, oculis, auribus, ut peruestigarem.
Neque eam usquam inuenio neque quo eam neque qua quaeram consultumst,
Neque quem rogitem responsorem quemquam interea conuenio.

wretched is your daughter—in vain born free; for how am I other than slave, or of what help have I ever been to you? *(She sinks down exhausted.)*

*Enter, from the right, Ampelisca, in the same state of exhaustion as Palaestra. She has climbed the bluff on the other side of the temple, and stops before catching sight of the area.*

AMP. What better can I do than end it all with death? So wretched I am, so consumed by anxiety! I care no longer to live; I have no hope. All the shore along I have searched, and the undergrowth; calling, looking, listening; but no trace of her. And there is none to ask, and I know not where to turn. There

Neque magis solae terrae solae sunt quam haec sunt loca atque hae regiones.
Neque si uiuit eam uiua umquam quin inueniam desistam.
PAL. Quoianam uox mihi
Prope hic sonat? pertimui.
AMP. Quis hic loquitur prope?
PAL. Spes bona, opsecro,
Subuenta mihi.
AMP. Ex hoc eximes
Me miseram metu?
PAL. Certo uox muliebris auris tetigit meas.
AMP. Mulier est: muliebris uox mi ad auris uenit.
PAL. Num Ampelisca opsecrost? AMP. Ten, Palaestra, audio?
PAL. Quin uoco, ut me audiat, nomine illam suo?
Ampelisca. AMP. Hem, quis est? PAL. Ego, Palaestra. AMP. Opsecro,
Dic ubi es. PAL. Pol ego nunc in malis plurumis.
AMP. Socia sum nec minor pars meast quam tua.
Sed uidere expeto te. PAL. Mihi es aemula.
AMP. Consequamur gradu uocem: ubi es? PAL. Ecce me:
Accede ad me atque adi contra. AMP. Fit sedulo.
PAL. Cedo manum. AMP. Em, accipe. PAL. Dic, uiuisne? opsecro.
AMP. Tu facis me quidem ut nunc uelim uiuere.
Quom mihi te licet tangere: ut uix mihi
Credo ego hoc, te tenere! opsecro, amplectere,
Spes mea: ut me omnium iam laborum leuas!

never was desert so deserted as this spot. And yet, if she lives, while I live, I shall never stop until I find her.

Pal. *(Rising)* Whose voice is that so near? I am afraid.

Amp. Who's speaking there?

Pal. Oh, dear hope, do not forsake me.

Amp. Away from me, fear!

Pal. It's surely a woman's voice.

Amp. It's a woman; it's a woman speaking.

Pal. Can it be Ampelisca?

Amp. Oh, is it you, Palaestra?

Pal. Why don't I call out her name? *(She calls.)* Ampelisca!

Amp. Who is it?

Pal. It's I, Palaestra.

Amp. Oh, where are you?

Pal. Alas, I am in deep trouble.

Amp. In that I am with you, but I long to see you.

Pal. That is my one wish too.

Amp. Then let our voices lead our steps.....Now where are you?

Pal. Here; come over to me.

Amp. How eagerly I come. *(Crosses quickly over to Palaestra.)*

Pal. *(Almost too overcome to stand)* Your hand!

Amp. Take it.

Pal. Tell me; is it you, and alive?

Amp. At last I have the will to live, now that I can hold you—or do I hold you? Take me to your arms. My only hope for life is the comfort you give me.

PAL. Occupas praeloqui, quae mea oratiost.
Nunc abire hinc decet nos. AMP. Quo amabo ibimus?
PAL. Litus hoc persequamur. AMP. Sequor quo lubet.
Sicine hic cum uuida ueste grassabimur?
PAL. Hoc quod est id necessariumst perpeti.
Sed quid hoc opsecrost? uiden, amabo? AMP. Quid est?
 PAL. Fanum uidesne hoc?
 AMP. Vbist? PAL. Ad dextram.
AMP. Video decorum dis locum uiderier.
PAL. Haud longe abesse oportet homines hinc: ita hic lepidust locus.
Quisquis est deus, ueneror ut nos ex hac aerumna eximat,
Miseras, inopes, aerumnosas ut aliquo auxilio adiuuet.

PTOLEMOCRATIA PALAESTRA AMPELISCA I, v

PTOL. Qui sunt, qui a patrona preces mea expetessunt?
Nam uox me precantum huc foras excitauit.
Bonam atque opsequentem deam atque haud grauatam
Patronam exsequontur benignamque multum.
 PAL. Iubemus te saluere, mater. PTOL. Saluete, Puellae. sed unde
Ire uos cum uuida ueste dicam, opsecro,
 Tam maestiter uestitas?
PAL. Ilico hinc imus haud longule ex hoc loco:
Verum longe hinc abest, unde aduectae huc sumus.
PTOL. Nempe equo ligneo per uias caerulas

PAL. How quick you are to outstrip me; your words speak all my thought. Now we have only to leave this place.

AMP. But how? By what path?

PAL. We'll follow the shore.

AMP. I'll follow you anywhere. Shall we go as we are, with our clothing drenched?

PAL. We shall endure what we must. But do see there, my dear Ampelisca!

AMP. What?

PAL. Don't you see the shrine?

AMP. Where?

PAL. Back, to the right.

AMP. I see—a place worthy of the gods.

PAL. Some one must live near by; it's such a charming spot. *(They advance supplicatingly to the altar, by which they kneel.)* To this divinity, whoever he be, I pray for help from their troubles, for two poor women in want and despair.

*Enter Ptolemocratia, aged priestess of Venus, from temple.*

PTOL. Who asks a boon here of my patron goddess? I heard the voice of supplication. They entreat a patron kind and indulgent, who does not grudge her favors.

PAL. We give you greetings, mother.

PTOL. My greetings to you, maidens; and whence come ye in your dripping weeds, so dismally clad?

PAL. From the sea nearby; but far away is the port from which we sailed.

PTOL. You journeyed then over the darkling paths of ocean on the sea-swung wooden steed?

Estis uectae? Pal. Admodum. Ptol. Ergo aequius uos erat
Candidatas uenire hostiatasque: ad hoc
Fanum ad istunc modum non ueniri solet.
Pal. Quaene eiectae e mari simus ambae, opsecro?
Vnde nos hostias uoluisti huc adigere?
Nunc tibi amplectimur genua egentes opum,
Quae in locis nesciis nescia spe sumus,
Vt tuo recipias tecto seruesque nos,
Miseriarumque te ambarum uti misereat,
Quibus nec locust ullus nec spes parata,
Neque hoc quod uides amplius nobis quicquamst.
Ptol. Manus mihi date, exsurgite a genibus ambae:
Misericordior nulla mest feminarum.
Sed haec pauperes res sunt inopesque, puellae:
Egomet uix uitam sic colo: Veneri cibo meo seruio.
Amp. Veneris fanum, opsecro, hoc est?
Ptol. Fateor: ego huius fani
Sacerdos clueo.
Verum quidquid est comiter fiet a me,
Quod copia ualebit.
Ite hac mecum. Pal. Amice benigneque honorem,
Mater, nostrum habes. Ptol. Oportet.

## ACTVS II

### Piscatores — II, i

Omnibus modis qui pauperes sunt homines miseri uiuont,

PAL. Yes, mother.

PTOL. It is scarce seemly to approach the shrine as you are, without white garments or victims.

PAL. I pray you, where should we, but lately cast up from the sea, find victims? *(They embrace the priestess' knees.)* Behold, we who clasp your knees are strangers in an unknown land, hopeless, and in want; we pray for protection and shelter. Take pity on those who need it; we have lost our all, our goods, our homes, our hope even.

PTOL. Do not kneel; give me your hands. No one ever had a heart more compassionate than mine. But you will find me poor. My service of Venus here gives me barely enough to support life.

AMP. This is a shrine of Venus, then?

PTOL. It is, and I am her priestess. But all I have is at your service. Come with me.

PAL. You honor us most generously, mother.

PTOL. It is my duty.

[*Exeunt all into temple.*]

## ACT II

*Enter three fishermen from the right, roughly clad, carrying rod and line. They chant their chorus in unison, as they step about the stage.*

FISH. In all ways poor folk have a sorry lot,
Especially they who lack both trade and skill.

Praesertim quibus nec quaestus est neque didicere artem ullam,
Necessitate quidquid est domi id sat est habendum.
Nos iam de ornatu propemodum ut locupletes simus scitis.
Hisce hami atque haec harundines sunt nobis quaestu et cultu.
Cotidie ex urbe ad mare huc prodimus pabulatum:
Pro exercitu gymnastico et palaestrico hoc habemus.
Echinos, lopadas, ostreas, balanos captamus, conchas,
Marinam urticam, musculos, placusias striatas;
Postid piscatum hamatilem et saxatilem adgredimur.
Cibum captamus e mari. si euentus non euenit
Neque quicquam captumst piscium, salsi lautique pure
Domum redimus clanculum, dormimus incenati.
Atque ut nunc ualide fluctuat mare, nulla nobis spes est:
Nisi quid concharum capsimus, cenati sumus profecto.
Nunc Venerem hanc ueneremur bonam, ut nos lepide adiuerit hodie.

TRACHALIO PISCATORES II, ii

TRAC. Animum aduorsaui sedulo, ne erum usquam praeterirem:
Nam quom modo exibat foras, ad portum se aibat ire:
Me huc obuiam iussit sibi uenire ad Veneris fanum.
Sed quos perconter commode eccos uideo astare: adibo.
Saluete fures maritumi, conchitae atque hamiotae,
Famelica hominum natio: quid agitis? ut peritis?

The little that they have must them content.
Take us—from our equipment you can tell
How poor we are—these hooks and lines our all.
For wrestling and gymnastics we have this:
To exercise the while we fish the sea.
Sea-urchins, limpets, star-fish, mussels, shells,
Sea-nettles, fluted scallops, with our hands
We catch, and from the rocks too cast our lines.
Our larder is the sea, but when unkind
He gives no catch, ourselves, well cleaned and salt,
Are all the fish we carry sadly home,
While tired and supperless to bed we go.
Small hope for us today; the sea's too rough;
We've dined already, should we find no clams.
Our Lady Venus we'll now beg for aid.
*(They approach the shrine and pray.)*

*Enter Thrachalio from right.*

TRAC. I've been careful not to pass my master on the way, for when he left a little ago, he said he would stop at the harbor, and that I should meet him here at the temple of Venus. *(Sees the fishermen)* But good luck! here's a chance to ask; I'll speak to these fellows. Good day to you, thieves of the sea, Messrs. Hooker and Shelly! How fare you, or, since you have no fare, how starve you, comrades of the empty gut?

PISC. Vt piscatorem aequomst, fame sitique speque falsa.
TRAC. Ecquem adulescentem huc, dum hic astatis, uidistis uenire,
Id expedite, strenua facie, rubicundum, fortem,
Qui tris secum homines duceret chlamydatos cum machaeris?
PISC. Nullum istac facie, ut praedicas, uenisse huc scimus. TRAC. Ecquem
Recaluom ad Silanum senem, statutum, uentriosum,
Tortis superciliis, contracta fronte, fraudulentum,
Deorum odium atque hominum, malum, mali uiti probrique plenum,
Qui duceret mulierculas duas secum satis uenustas?
PISC. Cum istius modi uirtutibus operisque ornatus qui sit,
Eum quidem ad carnuficemst aequius quam ad Venerem conmeare.
TRAC. At si uidistis, dicite. PISC. Huc profecto nullus uenit.
Vale. TRAC. Valete. credidi: factumst quod suspicabar:
Data uerba ero sunt: leno abit scelestus exulatum.
In nauem ascendit, mulieres auexit: hariolus sum.
Is huc erum etiam ad prandium uocauit, sceleris semen.
Nunc quid mihi meliust, quam ilico hic opperiar erum dum ueniat?
Eadem haec, sacerdos Veneria si quidpiam amplius scit,
Si uidero, exquisiuero: faciet me certiorem.

FISH. We fare as our calling allows—hunger, thirst, and false hopes, fisherman's luck.

TRAC. Have you seen, while standing about here, a bold, determined young chap, with a ruddy countenance?

FISH. There's been no one here like that, I know.

TRAC. Well then, have you seen a frowning, big-bellied old Silenus, hobbling about on a stick; with a bald forehead and twisted eyebrows? a cheating, scoundrelly, vicious-looking devil, a plague of gods and men; with a couple of pretty girls with him?

FISH. A man of such character would better go to the gallows than to a temple of Venus.

TRAC. But have you seen him?

FISH. He's not been here. *(Going)* Well, good day to you.

TRAC. Good bye. [*Exeunt fishermen.*] That's what I thought. I always suspected him. The rascally procurer has fooled us, and cleared out. He's sailed away with his women. I'm a wizard, I am. Didn't I say so all along? And then invited us here to breakfast, the cheat! I might as well wait now until the master comes. But perhaps the priestess will know something more. I'll go in and find out.

AMPELISCA TRACHALIO II, iii

AMP. Intellego: hanc quae proxumast me uillam Veneris fano
Pulsare iussisti atque aquam rogare. TRAC. Quoia ad auris
Vox mi aduolauit? AMP. Opsecro, quis hic loquitur? quem ego uideo?
TRAC. Estne Ampelisca haec, quae foras e fano egreditur? AMP. Estne hic
Trachalio, quem conspicor, calator Plesidippi?
TRAC. East. AMP. Is est: Trachalio, salue. TRAC. Salue, Ampelisca:
Quid tu agis? AMP. Aetatem haud malam male. TRAC. Melius ominare.
AMP. Verum omnis sapientis decet conferre et fabulari.
Sed Plesidippus tuos erus ubi amabost? TRAC. Heia uero,
Quasi non sit intus! AMP. Neque pol est neque huc quidem ullus uenit.
TRAC. Non uenit? AMP. Vera praedicas. TRAC. Non est meum, Ampelisca.
Sed quam mox coctumst prandium? AMP. Quod prandium, opsecro te?
TRAC. Nempe rem diuinam facitis hic? AMP. Quid somnias, amabo?
TRAC. Certe huc Labrax ad prandium uocauit Plesidippum
Erum meum erus uoster. AMP. Pol haud miranda facta dicis:

*Enter Ampelisca; she talks back into the temple.*

AMP. Yes, I understand—to knock at the cottage next door and ask for water.

TRAC. Now whose voice is that?

AMP. Who's that man talking there?

TRAC. Is that Ampelisca coming out of the temple?

AMP. Why, that's surely Plesidippus' man, Trachalio.

TRAC. It is.

AMP. Of course it is; welcome Trachalio.

TRAC. Well, well, Ampelisca, what are you doing here?

AMP. I'm passing most unhappily what should be my time of happiness.

TRAC. Don't say that; it will bring bad luck.

AMP. If we are wise, we admit the truth. But tell me please, where is your master, Plesidippus?

TRAC. As if he were not there with you!

AMP. Faith, he is not; he hasn't been here.

TRAC. He hasn't?

AMP. It's the truth you're speaking.

TRAC. That wouldn't be like me, would it, Ampelisca? But I say, when will the breakfast be ready?

AMP. What breakfast, pray?

TRAC. Aren't you sacrificing here?

AMP. You're dreaming.

TRAC. Your master, Labrax, certainly invited my master, Plesidippus, to a sacrificial breakfast.

Si deos decepit et homines, lenonum more fecit.
TRAC. Non rem diuinam facitis hic uos neque erus? AMP. Hariolare.
TRAC. Quid tu agis hic igitur? AMP. Ex malis multis metuque summo
Capitalique ex periculo orbas auxilique opumque huc
Recepit ad se Veneria haec sacerdos me et Palaestram.
TRAC. An hic Palaestrast, opsecro, eri mei amica? AMP. Certo.
TRAC. Inest lepos in nuntio tuo magnus, mea Ampelisca.
Sed istuc periclum perlubet quod fuerit uobis scire.
AMP. Confractast, mi Trachalio, hac nocte nauis nobis.
TRAC. Quid, nauis? quae istaec fabulast? AMP. Non audiuisti, amabo,
Quo pacto leno clanculum nos hinc auferre uoluit
In Siciliam et quidquid domi fuit in nauem inposiuit?
Ea nunc perierunt omnia. TRAC. Oh, Neptune lepide, salue:
Nec te aleator nullus est sapientior profecto.
Nimis lepide iecisti bolum: periurum perdidisti.
Sed nunc ubist leno Labrax? AMP. Periit potando, opinor:
Neptunus magnis poculis hac nocte eum inuitauit.
TRAC. Credo hercle anancaeo datum quod biberet. ut ego amo te,
Mea Ampelisca, ut dulcis es, ut mulsa dicta dicis!
Sed tu et Palaestra quo modo saluae estis? AMP. Scibis

AMP. Now, isn't that like him? To cheat both gods and men is in his line of business.

TRAC. Neither you nor your master is sacrificing here?

AMP. Right you are!

TRAC. Then what are you doing here?

AMP. We have suffered many misfortunes and have been in great danger and fear of our lives, and in our need we were welcomed by the priestess, Palaestra and I.

TRAC. Is Palaestra here, the girl my master loves?

AMP. Certainly.

TRAC. Oh, that's good news; my dear Ampelisca, that's splendid. But tell me about your hard luck.

AMP. Our ship was wrecked by the storm last night, Trachalio.

TRAC. What ship? What are you talking about?

AMP. Haven't you heard how Labrax tried to carry us off secretly to Sicily, along with all his property? And now he's lost everything.

TRAC. Good boy, Neptune! I always said you were a fine dicer; that was a master throw; you've dished the procurer. But where is the pimp?

AMP. Dead drunk, I think. Too many drinks of sea water last night.

TRAC. Well, he didn't choose the drink, if there was water in it. Ampelisca, your words are a real treat; what a dear you are! But how did you and Palaestra escape?

faxo.
De naui timidae ambae in scapham insiluimus, quia uidemus
Ad saxa nauem ferrier: properans exsolui restim,
Dum illi timent. nos cum scapha tempestas dextrouorsum
Differt ab illis. itaque nos uentisque fluctibusque
Iactatae exemplis plurumis miserae perpetuam noctem:
Vix hodie ad litus pertulit nos uentus exanimatas.
TRAC. Noui, Neptunus ita solet: quamuis fastidiosus
Aedilis est: si quae inprobae sunt merces, iactat omnis.
AMP. Vae capiti atque aetati tuae! TRAC. Tuost, mea Ampelisca.
Sciui lenonem faxere hoc quod fecit: saepe dixi.
Capillum promittam optumumst occipiamque hariolari.
AMP. Cauistis ergo tu atque erus ne abiret, quom scibatis?
TRAC. Quid faceret? AMP. Si amabat, rogas quid faceret? adseruaret
Dies noctesque, in custodia esset semper. uerum ecastor
Vt multi fecit, ita probe curauit Plesidippus.
TRAC. Quor tu istuc dicis? AMP. Res palamst. TRAC. Scin tu, etiam qui it lauatum
In balineas, quom ibi sedulo sua uestimenta seruat,
Tamen subrupiuntur: quippe qui quem illorum opseruat falsust:
Fur facile quem opseruat uidet: custos qui fur sit nescit.

AMP. I'll tell you. Although we were terribly afraid, we jumped into the little life-boat, when we saw the ship making for the rocks, and quickly untied the rope; the men were too frightened to do anything. The storm drove our boat off here to the right. We pitched about in a rough sea all night, in the greatest distress, until the wind at last drove us ashore; we were nearly dead, I can tell you.

TRAC. I know; that's the way of the old sea-dog; Neptune is some market-inspector, when he gets started—he throws out any goods he doesn't like.

AMP. Get out now; don't be impudent.

TRAC. Apply that to yourself, please. I told you so! I knew the pimp would be acting that way. I think I'll let my hair grow, and set up for a prophet.

AMP. Well, if you knew so much, why didn't you and your master prevent his getting away?

TRAC. What should he have done?

AMP. What should he have done? He should have been on the watch day and night. But on my word, I think his care was the exact measure of his regard for her.

TRAC. What do you mean?

AMP. It's clear enough.

TRAC. See here, Ampelisca; when a man goes to the bath-house, no matter how sharply he watches out, he sometimes loses his clothing. It's hard to catch the thief when you don't know whom to suspect. But take me to her.

Sed duce me ad illam, ubist. AMP. I sane in Veneris fanum huc intro:
Sedentem flentemque opprimes. TRAC. Vt iam istuc mihi molestumst!
Sed quid flet? AMP. Ego dicam tibi: hoc sese excruciat animi,
Quia leno ademit cistulam ei, quam habebat ubique habebat
Qui suos parentis noscere posset: eam ueretur
Ne perierit. TRAC. Vbinam ea fuit cistellula? AMP. Ibidem in naui:
Conclusit ipse in uidulum, ne copia esset ei
Qui suos parentis nosceret. TRAC. O facinus inpudicum,
Quam liberam esse oporteat, seruire postulare.
AMP. Nunc eum cum naui scilicet abisse pessum in altum.
Et aurum ea argentum fuit lenonis omne ibidem.
TRAC. Credo aliquem inmersisse atque eum excepisse. AMP. Id misera maestast,
Sibi eorum euenisse inopiam. TRAC. Iam istoc magis usus factost,
Vt eam intro consolerque eam, ne sic se excruciet animi.
Nam multa praeter spem scio multis bona euenisse.
AMP. At ego etiam, qui sperauerint spem decepisse multos.
TRAC. Ergo animus aequos optumumst aerumnae condimentum.

AMP. Just go into the temple; you'll find her sitting by the statue of Venus, in tears.

TRAC. Oh, that's too bad; what is she crying for?

AMP. I'll tell you. She had a little casket containing the tokens of identification by which she hoped sometime to find her father. The procurer had taken this from her, and now she's afraid it's lost; that's why she is so distressed.

TRAC. Where was the casket?

AMP. On the ship with him; he had locked it away in his luggage, just to make sure she shouldn't find her father.

TRAC. What a scurvy trick, to try to keep in slavery a girl who by rights should be free.

AMP. And now it's gone to the bottom, along with all his gold and silver.

TRAC. Some one has probably gone in by this time and got it.

AMP. That's why she's so sad; it's the loss of her tokens.

TRAC. All the more reason for my consoling her. She shouldn't distress herself so; things are always happening to people beyond their expectations.

AMP. And on the other hand, so many people indulge in false hopes.

TRAC. The more need then of keeping up your spirits in the face of troubles. I'll go in, unless you've something else in mind.

Ego eo intro, nisi quid uis. Amp. Eas: ego quod mihi imperauit
Sacerdos id faciam atque aquam hinc de proxumo rogabo.
Nam extemplo, si uerbis suis peterem, daturos dixit:
Neque digniorem censeo uidisse anum me quemquam,
Quoi deos atque homines censeam bene facere magis decere:
Vt lepide, ut liberaliter, ut honeste atque haud grauate
Timidas, egentis, uuidas, eiectas, exanimatas
Accepit ad sese, haud secus quam si ex se simus natae!
Vt eapse nunc succincta aquam calefactat, ut lauemus.
Nunc, ne morae illi sim, petam hinc aquam, unde mi imperauit.
Heus, ecquis in uillast? ecquis hoc recludit? equis prodit?

Sceparnio Ampelisca II, iv

Scep. Quis est qui nostris tam proterue foribus facit iniuriam?
Amp. Ego sum. Scep. Hem, quid hoc bonist? eu edepol specie lepida mulierem!
Amp. Salue, adulescens. Scep. Et tu multum salueto, adulescentula.
Amp. Ad uos uenio. Scep. Accipiam hospitio, si mox uenies uesperi,
Item ut adfectam: nam nunc nihil est qui te mane munerem.
Sed quid ais, mea lepida, hilara? Amp. Ah, nimium

Amp. Go; I'll meanwhile get the water from the house here, as the priestess wished. [*Exit Trachalio into temple.*] She said they would give it, if I asked in her name. There never was a woman who deserved better of gods and men. How sweetly and kindly and generously she received us, like daughters; and we were so destitute, wet, dejected, and frightened. And then the way she tucked up her dress and warmed the water for our bath! I must not keep her waiting; it's high time to get the water. *(Knocks at door of cottage.)* Hello, is there any one at home? Won't some one come to the door?....Is anyone coming out?

*Enter Sceparnio from cottage.*

Scep. Who's battering in the door?

Amp. It is I.

Scep. I say! Here's luck. On my word, a likely wench!

Amp. Good day to you, young man.

Scep. A very good day to you, young lady.

Amp. I was coming to your house.

Scep. I'd treat you royally, if you'd only come a little later; I'm busy this morning. But what a pretty baggage it is! *(Chucking her under the chin)* There's a dear!

familiariter
Me attrectas. SCEP. Pro di inmortales, Veneris ecfigia haec quidemst.
Vt in ocellis hilaritudost: heia, corpus quoiusmodi,
Subuolturium—illud quidem 'subaquilum' uolui dicere.
Vel papillae quoiusmodi: tum quae indoles in sauiost.
AMP. Non ego sum pollucta pago: potin ut me apstineas manum?
SCEP. Non licet te sic placidule bellam belle tangere?
AMP. Otium ubi erit, tum tibi operam ludo et deliciae dabo.
Nunc, quam ob rem huc sum missa, amabo uel tu mi aias uel neges.
SCEP. Quid nunc uis? AMP. Sapienti ornatus quid uelim indicium facit.
SCEP. Meus quoque hic sapienti ornatus quid velim indicium facit.
AMP. Haec sacerdos Veneris hinc me a uobis iussit petere aquam.
SCEP. At ego basilicus sum: quem nisi oras, guttam non feres.
Nostro illum puteum periclo et ferramentis fodimus.
Nisi multis blanditiis a me gutta non ferri potest.
AMP. Quor tu aquam grauare amabo, quam hostis hosti commodat?
SCEP. Quor tu operam grauare mihi, quam ciuis ciui commodat?
AMP. Immo etiam tibi, mea uoluptas, quae uoles faciam omnia.

AMP. Not so familiar, *if* you please.

SCEP. By gad, she's a love—a twinkle in the eye, too. A sweet confection—complexion, I mean! and some figure! and a classy little mouth, to top it off!

AMP. I'm no dish for the village, young man; kindly keep your hands off.

SCEP. But a sweet kiss for a sweet girl is surely not amiss.

AMP. None of your merry pranks now, if you please; there will be time for that later, perhaps. Will you give me what I'm sent for? Say yes or no.

SCEP. What do you want?

AMP. You can tell by looking at me what I want. *(Holds out her pitcher.)*

SCEP. Yes, and you can tell by looking at me what I want.

AMP. The priestess has asked me to get water from your house.

SCEP. But I'm the king around here, and if you don't beg very prettily, not a drop will you get. I had to work hard on that well, at some risk, and the water will not come without rare coaxing.

AMP. Why do you refuse to give what any enemy would give to another?

SCEP. And why do you refuse to give what any friend would give to another—a bit of encouragement?

AMP. Very well, my dear; anything you want.

SCEP. Eugepae, saluos sum: haec iam me suam uoluptatem uocat.
Dabitur tibi aqua, ne nequiquam me ames. cedo mi urnam. AMP. Cape:
Propera amabo ecferre. SCEP. Manta: iam hic ero, uoluptas mea.
AMP. Quid sacerdoti me dicam hic demoratum tam diu?
Vt etiam nunc misera timeo, ubi oculis intueor mare!
Sed quid ego misera uideo procul in litore?
Meum erum lenonem Siciliensemque hospitem,
Quos periisse ambos misera censebam in mari.
Iam illud mali plus nobis uiuit quam ratae.
Sed quid ego cesso fugere in fanum ac dicere haec
Palaestrae, in aram ut confugiamus prius quam is huc
Scelestus leno ueniat nosque hic opprimat?
Confugiam huc: ita res suppetit subitaria.

SCEPARNIO II, v

Pro di inmortales, in aqua numquam credidi
Voluptatem inesse tantam! ut hanc traxi lubens!
Nimio minus altus puteus uisust quam prius:
Vt sine labore hanc extraxi! praefiscine,
Satin nequam sum, utpote qui hodie amare inceperim?
Em tibi aquam, mea tu belliata: em sic uolo
Te ferre honeste, ut ego fero, ut placeas mihi.
Sed ubi tu es delicata? cape aquam hanc sis: ubi es?
Amat hercle me, ut ego opinor: delituit mala.
Vbi tu es? etiamne hanc urnam acceptura es? ubi es?

SCEP. Oh, joy! she calls me her dear. You shall have your water; it shall never be said a lady loved me in vain. Give me the pitcher.

AMP. Here; hurry now; there's a love.

SCEP. Wait here, my dear; I'll be back directly. [*Exit into house.*]

AMP. What shall I say to the priestess for staying so long? *(Looks toward the sea.)* Ah me, how I shudder every time I look at the sea. But what's that on the shore? Alas, my master, Labrax, and his Sicilian friend, whom I thought at the bottom of the sea, both of them! There's more trouble in store for us now than we thought. I'll fly to the shrine to let Palaestra know, that we may take refuge at the altar before the villain comes and carries us off. Run, Ampelisca; the crisis is at hand.

*Enter Sceparnio from cottage.*

SCEP. Gad, I never knew there was so much pleasure in mere water. How I enjoyed filling the pitcher! The well didn't seem deep at all today; it came up easy. What a devil of a fellow I am, to start this love affair today! Here's your water, dearie; I want you to take it prettily, as I give it to you, so that I'll be pleased with you.....Where is the jade? Come now, take the water, please. Where are you? By Jove, she must be in love with me! the little witch wants to play peek-a-boo. I say, where are you? Won't you be taking the

commodule metuis: tandem uero serio,
Etiam acceptura es urnam hanc? ubi tu es gentium?
Nusquam hercle equidem illam uideo: ludos me facit.
Adponam hercle urnam iam ego hanc in media uia.
Sed autem quid si hinc apstulerit quispiam
Sacram urnam Veneris? mi exhibeat negotium.
Metuo hercle ne illa mulier mi insidias locet,
Vt conprehendar cum sacra urna Veneria.
Nempe optumo me iure in uinclis enicet
Magistratus, si quis me hanc habere uiderit.
Nam haec litteratast: eapse cantat quoia sit.
Iam hercle euocabo hinc hanc sacerdotem foras,
Vt hanc accipiat urnam: accedam huc ad foris.
Heus, age sis, Ptolemocratia, cape hanc urnam tibi:
Muliercula hanc nescioquae huc ad me detulit.
Intro ferundast: repperi negotium,
Siquidem mihi his ultro adgerunda etiamst aqua.

LABRAX CHARMIDES II, vi

LAB. Qui homo sese esse miserum et mendicum uolet,
Neptuno credat sese atque aetatem suam:
Nam si quis cum eo quid rei conmiscuit,
Ad hoc exemplum amittit ornatum domum.
Edepol, Libertas, lepida es, quae numquam pedem
Voluisti in nauem cum Hercule una inponere.
Sed ubi ille meus est hospes qui me perdidit?
Atque eccum incedit. CHAR. Quo, malum, properas, Labrax?
Nam equidem te nequeo consequi tam strenue.

water now? You're pretending very nicely to be afraid of me; but seriously, will you please take the pitcher? Where in the world is she? By Jove, I can't see her anywhere; she's making fun of me. I'll just set this pitcher down in the middle of the road. But what if it should be stolen? it's sacred to Venus. That would get me into a pretty pickle. I'm afraid it's a frame-up to get me caught with stolen goods. I'd get a proper jail sentence, if I were seen with it. The inscription on it would give me away. I'll just go up to the door and call the priestess out, and let her take it. *(Calls aloud.)* If you please, Ptolemocratia! Will you take your pitcher, left with me by some woman from the temple? Oh, I'll have to go in with it. I've found a job with a vengeance, if I've got to carry their water for them. [*Exit into temple.*]

*Enter, from the left, Labrax, followed by Charmides, wet and shivering.*

LAB. If you want to be a beggar and down on your luck, just trust yourself to Neptune; after a mixup with him you will look like this. *(Looks at his clothing.)* By Jove, Liberty, you were a bright lass, never to set foot on ship with your pal, Hercules. But where's that friend of mine who played the devil with me so? Here he comes.

CHAR. Where in the deuce are you going in such a hurry, Labrax? This pace is too swift for me.

LAB. Vtinam, te prius quam ego oculis uidissem meis,
Malo cruciatu in Sicilia perbiteres,
Quem propter hoc mihi optigit misero mali.
CHAR. Vtinam, quom in aedis me ad te adduxisti tuas,
In carcere illo potius cubuissem die:
Deosque inmortalis quaeso, dum uiuas, uti
Omnis tui similis hospites habeas tibi.
LAB. Malam Fortunam in aedis te adduxi meas.
Quid mihi scelesto tibi erat auscultatio?
Quidue hinc abitio? quidue in nauem inscensio?
Vbi perdidi etiam plus boni quam mihi fuit.
CHAR. Pol minume miror, nauis si fractast tibi,
Scelus te et sceleste parta quae uexit bona.
LAB. Pessum dedisti me blandimentis tuis.
CHAR. Scelestiorem cenam cenaui tuam
Quam quae Thyestae quondam adposita et Tereost.
LAB. Perii, animo male fit: contine quaeso caput.
CHAR. Pulmoneum edepol nimis uelim uomitum uomas.
LAB. Eheu, Palaestra atque Ampelisca, ubi estis nunc?
CHAR. Piscibus in alto credo praebent pabulum.
LAB. Mendicitatem mi optulisti opera tua,
Dum tuis ausculto magnidicis mendaciis.
CHAR. Bonam est quod habeas gratiam merito mihi,
Qui te ex insulso salsum feci opera mea.
LAB. Quin tu hinc is a me in maxumam malam crucem?
CHAR. Eas: easque res agebam commodum.
LAB. Eheu, quis uiuit me mortalis miserior?

LAB. I wish you'd been hanged in Sicily before I ever set eyes on you. All this trouble comes from you.

CHAR. I wish the day you were bringing me to your house, I had slept in jail instead. I hope to heaven that after this, all your guests will be like yourself; it's no place for an honest man.

LAB. It was bad luck I had for a guest, when you came. I was a cursed fool when I listened to you. Why did we go away, or get on the ship, where I lost all I had—and more, too?

CHAR. Any ship would sink that carried a rogue like you, and your rogue's fortune.

LAB. You got me in bad with your flatteries.

CHAR. That last dinner I had with you was worse than the one served up to Thyestes.

LAB. *(Coughing)* I feel sick myself; hold my head, will you?

CHAR. I hope you'll cough your lungs up.

LAB. O Palaestra, Ampelisca, where are you?

CHAR. They're food for the fishes at the present moment.

LAB. It's your fault I'm a beggar; it's all from listening to you and your big lies.

CHAR. On the contrary, it's due entirely to me that a man as flat as you has had a little salt put in him.

LAB. Will you get to hell out of here?

CHAR. I'll just return that advice; go to the devil yourself.

LAB. Was there ever a man had worse luck than I?

Char. Ego multo tanto miserior quam tu, Labrax.
Lab. Qui? Char. Quia ego indignus sum, tu dignus qui sies.
Lab. O scirpe, scirpe, laudo fortunas tuas,
Qui semper seruas gloriam aritudinis.
Char. Equidem me ad uelitationem exerceo:
Nam omnia corusca prae tremore fabulor.
Lab. Edepol, Neptune, es balineator frigidus:
Cum uestimentis postquam abs te abii, al-algeo.
Ne thermipolium quidem ullum in-instruit:
Ita salsam praehibet potionem et frigidam.
Char. Vt fortunati sunt fabri ferrarii,
Qui apud carbones adsident! semper calent.
Lab. Vtinam fortuna nunc anetina ut-uterer,
Vt, quom exissem ex aqu-aqu-aqua, ar-arerem tamen.
Char. Quid si aliquo ad ludos me pro manduco locem?
Lab. Quapropter? Char. Quia pol clare crepito dentibus.
Iure optumo me el-el-elauisse arbitror.
Lab. Qui? Char. Qui-quia auderem tecum in nauem ascendere,
Qui a fundamento mi usque mouisti mare.
Lab. Tibi auscultaui: tu promittebas mihi
Illi esse quaestum maxumum meretricibus:
Ibi me conruere posse aiebas ditias.
Char. Iam postulabas te, inpurata belua,
Totam Siciliam deuoraturum insulam.
Lab. Quaenam ballaena meum uorauit uidulum,
Aurum atque argentum ubi omne conpactum fuit?

CHAR. I have; much worse.

LAB. How do you make that out?

CHAR. Because you deserve it, and I do not.

LAB. *(Going up to bulrushes growing near)* O enviable, water-shedding bulrush, I would I were as dry as thou!

CHAR. *(His teeth chattering)* Brr! I'm trembling for a skirmish; even my words are jumping about.

LAB. Yes, confound it, Neptune does run a cold bath-house. With all my clothes on I'm cold; he doesn't even serve hot drinks when you go out; nothing but ice-water.

CHAR. Lucky fellows, these blacksmiths; they've always got a fire.

LAB. Well, I'd like to be a duck myself, so as to be dry after coming out of the water.

CHAR. I think I'll go to the country fairs and hire out as an ogre.

LAB. Why so?

CHAR. Because I'd need no hinge to work my jaws; my chattering teeth would do it.

CHAR. Do you know, I deserved to be cleaned out in this deal.

LAB. Why?

CHAR. For daring to get into a boat with a Jonah like you; you're enough to stir up any sea.

LAB. It all came from listening to you. Didn't you promise me that a man could pile up wealth there in my business?

CHAR. Did you expect, like a greedy shark, to swallow up the whole island of Sicily?

LAB. Well, I'd like to know what shark swallowed up my hamper, with all my gold and silver stored away in it.

CHAR. Probably the same one that got mine, with a

CHAR. Eadem illa credo quae meum marsuppium,
Quod plenum argenti fuit in sacciperio.
LAB. Eheu, redactus sum usque ad unam hanc tuniculam
Et ad hoc misellum pallium: perii oppido.
CHAR. Vel consociare mihi quidem tecum licet:
Aequas habemus partis. LAB. Saltem si mihi
Mulierculae essent saluae, spes aliquae forent.
Nunc si me adulescens Plesidippus uiderit,
Quo ab arrabonem pro Palaestra acceperam,
Iam is exhibebit hic mihi negotium.
CHAR. Quid, stulte, ploras? tibi quidem edepol copiast,
Dum lingua uiuet, qui rem soluas omnibus.

SCEPARNIO LABRAX CHARMIDES II, vii

SCEP. Quid illuc opsecro negotist, quod duae mulierculae
Hic in fano Veneris signum flentes amplexae tenent
Nescioquem metuentes miserae? nocte hac aiunt proxuma
Se iactatas, atque eiectas hodie esse aiunt e mari.
LAB. Opsecro hercle, adulescens, ubi istaec sunt quas memoras mulieres?
SCEP. Hic in fano Veneris. LAB. Quot sunt? SCEP. Totidem quot ego et tu sumus.
LAB. Nempe meae? SCEP. Nempe nescio istuc. LAB. Qua sunt facie? SCEP. Scitula:
Vel ego amare utramuis possum, si probe adpotus siem.
LAB. Nempe puellae? SCEP. Nempe molestus es: i uise, si lubet.

purse full of money.

LAB. All I've got left is this one shirt and cloak. Oh, dear, dear, dear!

CHAR. Well, I'm your partner in that, on even shares.

LAB. If I could at least have saved my girls, there'd be some hope. If I ever meet that chap Plesidippus, who gave me part payment for Palaestra, I'll catch it. Oh-h-h!

CHAR. What are you crying about? As long as you've a tongue in your head, you'll never get caught.

*Enter Sceparnio from temple.*

SCEP. What a to-do is this? with two young women in the temple weeping, and clasping the statue of the goddess, frightened out of their wits at somebody or other; shipwrecked last night, and cast up on the shore today, they say.

LAB. Look here, young man, where are those two young women you are talking about?

SCEP. In the temple.

LAB. How many are there?

SCEP. As many as you and I together would make.

LAB. They surely are mine.

SCEP. I surely don't know anything about that.

LAB. What do they look like?

SCEP. Not half bad; I could love either one of them, if I were drunk.

LAB. They're certainly the girls, aren't they?

SCEP. I know you're certainly a bore. Go and see them, if you wish.

LAB. Meas oportet intus esse hic mulieres, mi Charmides.
CHAR. Iuppiter te perdat, et si sunt et si non sunt tamen.
LAB. Intro rumpam iam huc in Veneris fanum. CHAR. In barathrum mauelim.
Opsecro, hospes, da mihi aliquid ubi condormiscam loci.
SCEP. Istic ubi uis condormisce: nemo prohibet, publicumst.
CHAR. At uides me, ornatus ut sim uestimentis uuidis.
Recipe me in tectum, da mihi uestimenti aliquid aridi,
Dum arescunt mea: in aliquo tibi gratiam referam loco.
SCEP. Tegillum eccillud—mihi unum id aret: id si uis, dabo.
Eodem amictus, eodem tectus esse soleo, si pluit.
Tu istaec mihi dato: exarescent faxo. CHAR. Eho, an te paenitet,
In mari quod semel elaui, ni hic in terra iterum eluam?
SCEP. Eluas tu an exunguare, ciccum non interduim.
Tibi ego numquam quicquam credam nisi si accepto pignore.
Tu uel suda uel peri algu uel tu aegrota uel uale.
Barbarum hospitem mi in aedis nil moror: sat litiumst.
CHAR. Iamne abis? uenalis illic ductitauit, quisquis est:
Non est misericors. Sed quid ego hic asto infelix uuidus?

LAB. My dear Charmides, those women of mine must be here.

CHAR. A plague on you, whether they are or not.

LAB. I'll break into the temple. [*Exit into temple.*]

CHAR. I wish you would break into jail instead. *(To Sceparnio)* I say, friend, could you give me a place to sleep?

SCEP. Sure! sleep anywhere here; it's a public road.

CHAR. But see how wet my clothes are; can't you take me into the house, and give me others, while mine are drying out?

SCEP. Take this covering of mine; that's all I need to keep dry. If you want, I'll give you this. When I've got it on, the rain can't touch me Just give me your clothes and I'll have them dried out.

CHAR. See here, because I've been cleaned out by the sea, do you want to clean me out again on land?

SCEP. *(Angrily)* I don't care a fig whether you are cleaned out or steamed out. I wouldn't trust you with a penny, unless I had good security. Freeze or sweat, be sick or well; I don't care. I haven't any use for foreigners anyway. 'Nough said. [*Exit into cottage.*]

CHAR. Wait a moment!....He's no more sense of pity than a slave-driver. But why do I stand around in these cursed wet clothes? I'll go into the temple and

Quin abeo hinc in Veneris fanum, ut edormiscam hanc crapulam,
Quam potaui praeter animi quam lubuit sententiam?
Quasi uinis Graecis Neptunus nobis suffudit mare,
Itaque aluom prodi sperauit nobis salsis poculis.
Quid opust uerbis? si inuitare nos paulisper pergeret,
Ibidem obdormissemus: nunc uix uiuos amisit domum.
Nunc lenonem quid agit intus uisam, conuiuam meum.

## ACTVS III

### DAEMONES — III, i

Miris modis di ludos faciunt hominibus:
Mirisque exemplis somnia in somnis danunt.
Ne dormientis quidem sinunt quiescere.
Velut ego hac nocte quae praecessit proxuma
Mirum atque inscitum somniaui somnium.
Ad hirundininum nidum uisast simia
Ascensionem ut faceret admilirier:
Neque eas eripere quibat inde. postibi
Ascensionem ut faceret admolirier:
Rogare scalas ut darem utendas sibi.
Ego ad hoc exemplum simiae respondeo,

. . . . . . . . . . . . .

Natas ex Philomela Attica esse hirundines.
Ago cum illa, ne quid noceat meis popularibus.
Atque illa nimio iam fieri ferocior:
Videtur ultro mihi malum minitarier,

sleep off the drinks I took so unwillingly last night. Like some of the Greek wines, we've had salt water poured into us, enough in fact to get us well diluted. If Neptune had treated us to one more drink, we'd be dead drunk now; it was with difficulty we got home from that spree at all. Now I'll go and see what my friend the procurer is up to. [*Exit into temple.*]

## ACT III

*Enter Daemones from cottage.*

DAE. What a plaything of the gods we men are! not even in our sleep will they give us peace. That was an uncanny dream I had last night—a she-ape trying to climb up to a swallow's nest; and when she was unable to reach the birds, coming to me and demanding a ladder. Then I remember my reply: that the swallows are descended from Philomela, of Attica, and that I would never harm one of my compatriots. How fierce she became and seemed to threaten me, and

In ius uocat med. ibi ego nescioquo modo
Iratus uideor mediam arripere simiam:
Concludo in uincla bestiam nequissumam.
Nunc quam ad rem dicam hoc attinere somnium,
Numquam hodie quiui ad coniecturam euadere.
Sed quid hoc in Veneris fano meae uiciniae
Clamoris oritur? animus miratur meus.

TRACHALIO DAEMONES III, ii

TRAC. Pro Cyrenenses populares, uostram ego inploro fidem,
Agricolae, adcolae propinqui qui estis his regionibus,
Ferte opem inopiae atque exemplum pessumum pessum date.
Vindicate, ne inpiorum potior sit pollentia
Quam innocentum, qui se scelere fieri nolunt nobilis:
Statuite exemplum inpudenti, date pudori praemium:
Facite hic lege potius liceat quam ui uicto uiuere.
Currite huc in Veneris fanum, uostram iterum inploro fidem,
Qui prope hic adestis quique auditis clamorem meum.
Ferte suppetias qui Veneri Veneriaeque antistitae
More antiquo in custodelam suom conmiserunt caput.
Praetorquete iniuriae prius collum quam ad uos peruenat.
DAE. Quid istuc est negoti? TRAC. Per ego haec genua te optestor, senex,
Quisquis es — DAE. Quin tu ergo omitte genua et quid sit mi expedi,

called me to court. Whereupon, becoming suddenly angry, I seemed to seize her about the middle and thrust the vile beast into chains. But I can't get any inkling of what the dream may mean. But what's the racket, I wonder, in the temple?

*Enter Trachalio, hastily, from temple.*

TRAC. Men of Cyrene, farmers hereabout, neighbors, I beg you to bring aid to virtue and utterly confound villainy. Show that the power of the notoriously wicked shall not be greater than that of the innocent. Make an example of impudence, and put a premium on modesty. Prove that law is of more value here than mere force. All you who are within the sound of my voice, hasten to the shrine of Venus, I implore you, and help those who have entrusted their lives, as is their right, to Venus and her servant. Choke to death wrong and aggression before they lay hold upon you.

DAE. What's the trouble here?

TRAC. *(Running up to him)* By your knees, which I embrace, I implore you, good father, whoever you are—

DAE. Let go my knees, and tell me what this uproar means.

Quod tumultues. TRAC. —teque oro et quaeso, si speras tibi
Hoc anno multum futurum sirpe et lasserpicium
Eamque euenturam exagogam Capuam saluam et sospitem,
Atque ab lippitudine usque siccitas ut sit tibi—
DAE. Sanun es? TRAC. —seu tibi confidis fore multam magudarim,
Vt te ne pigeat dare operam mihi quod te orabo, senex.
DAE. At ego te per crura et talos tergumque optestor tuom,
Vt tibi ulmeam uberem esse speras uirgidemiam
Et tibi euenturam hoc anno uberem messem mali,
Vt mi istuc dicas negoti quid sit, quod tumultues.
TRAC. Qui lubet maledicere? equidem tibi bona exoptaui omnia.
DAE. Bene equidem tibi dico, qui te digna ut eueniant precor.
TRAC. Opsecro, hoc praeuortere ergo. DAE. Quid negotist? TRAC. Mulieres
Duae innocentes intus hic sunt, tui indigentes auxili,
Quibus aduorsum ius legesque hic insignite iniuria
Factast fitque in Veneris fano. tum sacerdos Veneria
Indigne adflictatur. DAE. Quis homost tanta confidentia,
Qui sacerdotem audeat uiolare? sed eae mulieres
Quae sunt? aut quid is iniqui fit? TRAC. Si das operam, eloquar.
Veneris signum sunt amplexae: nunc homo audacissumus

TRAC. —and entreat you, and beg you, as you hope this year for a good crop of assafoetida and silph, and for the safe arrival of your exports at Capua, and for freedom from sore eyes—

DAE. Are you crazy?

TRAC. —and for plenty of silph seed, be willing, aged sir, to grant my request.

DAE. And I beg of you, by your legs and ankles, and by this back of yours, as you hope for a large harvest of rods upon it, and for a generous crop of punishments this year, tell me the meaning of all this commotion you are raising.

TRAC. Why do you speak so harshly, when I hoped for fair words only from you?

DAE. On the contrary, I speak you fair, since I wish for you what you deserve.

TRAC. Then please attend to this matter.

DAE. What is it?

TRAC. There are two women inside who are innocent of all wrong and need your help. Contrary to law and justice, they are being infamously handled in the temple of Venus; and the priestess is no less shamefully mistreated.

DAE. Who would dare offer violence to her? But tell me who the women are, and the wrong done them.

TRAC. Just listen: they were clasping the very statue of the goddess, and this man has the audacity

Eas deripere uolt. eas ambas esse oportet liberas.
Dae. Quis istic est, qui deos tam parui pendit? paucis expedi.
Trac. Fraudis, sceleris, parricidi, periuri plenissumus,
Legirupa, inpudens, inpurus, inuerecundissumus:
Vno uerbo apsoluam, lenost: quid illum porro praedicem?
Dae. Edepol infortunio hominem praedicas donabilem.
Trac. Qui sacerdoti scelestus faucis interpresserit.
Dae. At malo hercle cum magno suo fecit. ite istinc foras,
Turbalio, Sparax: ubi estis? Trac. I opsecro intro, subueni
Illis. Dae. Iterum haud imperabo. sequimini hac. Trac. Age nunciam,
Iube oculos elidere, itidem ut sepiis faciunt coqui.
Dae. Proripite hominem pedibus huc itidem quasi occisam suem.
Trac. Audio tumultum: opinor, leno pugnis pectitur.
Nimis uelim inprobissumo homini malas edentauerint.
Sed eccas ipsae huc egrediuntur timidae e fano mulieres.

Palaestra Trachalio Ampelisca III, iii

Pal. Nunc id est, quom omnium copiarum atque opum,
Auxili, praesidi uiduitas nos tenet.
Nulla nunc speculast quae salutem adferat,
Nec quam in partem ingredi persequamur
Scimus: tanto in metu nunc sumus ambae.

to take them away forcibly; and they both really should be free women.

DAE. Who is it, who so defies the gods?

TRAC. A cheat, a rogue, a murderer, a law-breaker without sense of shame or honor, a perjured scoundrel—in short, to describe him in one word, a procurer.

DAE. A man like that deserves the severest punishment.

TRAC. Yes, and he choked the priestess too.

DAE. Well, by Jove, he'll pay for it. *(Calls his salves out of cottage.)* Come out there, Turbalio, Sparax! Where are you?

TRAC. Now go in and help them.

DAE. Don't let me have to call you again. *(Enter lorarii from cottage.)* Follow me.

TRAC. Have them smash his eyes in as the cooks do a cuttlefish.

DAE. Drag him out by the legs like a butchered hog. [*Exeunt Daemones into temple.*]

TRAC. I hear a racket; they're landing with their fists. I hope they knock the scoundrel's teeth out. But here are the women running out, scared to death.

*Enter Palaestra and Ampelisca, in great fear, from temple.*

PAL. Now we are utterly lost; there is no help for us. All hope of safety has disappeared, and in our fright we know not where to turn. What outrage we

Tanta inportunitas tantaque iniuria
Orta in nos est modo hic intus ab nostra ero.
Quin scelestus sacerdotem anum praecipes
Reppulit, propulit perquam indignis modis
Nosque ab signo intumo ui deripuit sua.
  Sed nunc se ut ferunt res fortunaeque nostrae,
    Par nos est moriri
  Neque est melius morte in malis rebus, miseriis.
TRAC. Quid est? quae illaec oratiost? cesso ego illas consolari?
    Heus, Palaestra! PAL. Qui uocat?
  TRAC. Ampelisca! AMP. Opsecro, nam quis est qui uocat?
  Quis is est qui nominat? TRAC. Si respexis, scies.
  PAL. O salutis meae spes. TRAC. Tace ac bono animo es:
  Me uide. PAL. Si modo id liceat, uis ne opprimat:
  Quae uis uim mi adferam ipsa adigit. TRAC. Ah desine:
    Nimis inepta es.
PAL. Desiste dictis nunciam miseram me consolari.
AMP. Nisi quid re praesidi adparas, Trachalio, acta haec res est.
PAL. Certumst moriri quam hunc pati uti ui lenonem in me.
Sed muliebri animo sum tamen: miserae quom uenit in mentem
Mihi mortis, metus membra occupat: edepol diem hunc acerbum.

have suffered from this vile master of ours, who has shamefully maltreated the priestess and dragged us from the very statue of the goddess. We can endure no more; death is the only resort from such misery.

TRAC. This is sad language; I must try to console them. Palaestra!

PAL. Who calls? Who is it?

TRAC. Ampelisca!

AMP. Who's that? Who's calling me?

TRAC. Look and see.

PAL. O Trachalio, you are our only hope.

TRAC. Keep calm and don't make a noise; just leave it to me.

PAL. If only we can escape his violence! I should lay violent hands upon myself, rather than submit to that.

TRAC. Don't be foolish.

PAL. There is no use in trying to comfort us with mere words. Unless you can give us real help, we're done for.

AMP. For my part, I'd rather die than submit to the procurer's anger. But my heart fails me when I think of death, and a chill fear creeps over my body at the very mention of it; I am only a woman. Ah, bitter, bitter day!

TRAC. Bonum animum habete. PAL. Nam opsecro unde iste animus mi inuenitur?
TRAC. Ne, inquam, timete: adsidite hic in ara. AMP. Quid istaec ara
Prodesse nobis plus potest quam signum in fano hic intus
Veneris, quod amplexae modo, unde abreptae per uim miserae?
TRAC. Sedete hic modo: ego hinc uos tamen tutabor. aram habete hanc
Vobis pro castris: moenia haec: hinc ego uos defensabo.
Praesidio Veneris malitiae lenonis contra incedam.
PAL. Tibi auscultamus et, Venus alma, ambae te opsecramus
Aram amplexantes hanc tuam lacrumantes, genibus nixae,
In custodelam nos tuam ut recipias et tutere:
Illos scelestos, qui tuom fecerunt fanum parui,
Fac ut ulciscare nosque ut hanc tua pace aram opsidere
Patiare: elautae ambae sumus opera Neptuni noctu:
Ne indignum id habeas neue idcirco nobis uitio uortas,
Si quidpiamst minus quod bene esse lautum tu arbitrare.
TRAC. Venus, aequom has petere intellego: decet abs te id impetrari:
Ignoscere his te conuenit: metus has id ut faciant subigit.

TRAC. Keep up your courage.

PAL. Courage? where shall we find it?

TRAC. There, there; don't be afraid; sit down by the altar.

AMP. How shall the altar help us more than the statue of Venus, from which he tore us violently?

TRAC. Just the same, sit down. I'll protect you from here. This altar will be your walled camp, your fortifications; and I'll be your defender. With the help of Venus, I'll resist the cunning of your master. *(Both girls kneel at altar.)*

PAL. Kind Venus, to thee we hearken; and on our knees, embracing this altar, we beseech thee with our tears, that thou vouchsafe to help us. Punish the wicked who have set at naught thy sanctuary, and suffer us in peace to remain at thy altar. We were stripped of all we had by the storm last night. Hold it not against us, if thus unkempt we approach thy holy shrine.

TRAC. I think that is a fair request, Venus, and that you should grant it. Their fears have driven

Te ex concha natam esse autumant: cave tu harum conchas spernas.
Sed optume eccum exit senex, patronus mihique et uobis.

DAEMONES TRACHALIO LABRAX LORARII
PALAESTRA AMPELISCA III, iv

DAE. Exi e fano, natum quantumst hominum sacrilegissume.
Vos in aram abite sessum. sed ubi sunt? TRAC. Huc respice.
DAE. Optume: istuc uolueramus. iube modo accedat prope.
Tun legirupionem hic nobis cum dis facere postulas?
Pugnum in os inpinge. LAB. Iniqua haec patior cum pretio tuo.
DAE. At etiam minitatur audax? LAB. Ius meum ereptumst mihi:
Meas mihi ancillas inuito me eripis. TRAC. Cape iudicem
De senatu Cyrenensi quemuis opulentum uirum,
Si tuas esse oportet niue eas esse oportet liberas,
Niue in carcerem conpingi test aequom aetatemque ibi
Te usque habitare, donec totum carcerem contriueris.
LAB. Non hodie isti rei auspicaui, ut cum furcifero fabuler.
Te ego appello. DAE. Cum istoc primum qui te nouit disputa.
LAB. Tecum ago. TRAC. Atqui mecum agundumst. suntne illae ancillae tuae?

them to it. If you came yourself from a sea-shell, as they say, you should not object to the soiled shell of their garments. But good! here comes that excellent old man, your patron and mine.

*Enter Daemones, with slaves thrusting Labrax from temple.*

DAE. Come out of teh temple, most sacrilegious of men. And you *(addressing women)*, sit down by the altar. But where are they?

TRAC. See! here.

DAE. That's good; that's what I wanted. *(To his slaves)* Tell him to come nearer. *(To Labrax)* Do you think you can thus defy the gods in our presence? *(As Labrax fails to move)* Give him a punch.

LAB. You'll pay for what I'm suffering.

DAE. He dares to threaten us!

LAB. You are robbing me of my rights, and taking my servants against my will.

TRAC. Choose as arbitrator any respectable man from the senate of Cyrene, and let him decide whether they should belong to you, or whether they ought not rather to be free women, and you oughtn't to be clapped into jail, to spend the rest of your life there, until you have worn the pavement through.

LAB. I don't propose to talk with a gallows-bird; I'm talking to you, sir.

DAE. Talk first with the man who knows you.

LAB. My business is with you.

TRAC. It will have to be with me. You say these are your maid-servants?

LAB. Sunt. TRAC. Agedum ergo, tange utramuis digitulo minumo modo.
LAB. Quid si attigero? TRAC. Extemplo hercle ego te follem pugilatorium
Faciam et pendentem incursabo pugnis, periurissume.
LAB. Mihi non liceat meas ancillas Veneris de ara abducere?
DAE. Non licet: ita est lex apud nos. LAB. Mihi cum uostris legibus
Nihil est conmerci: equidem istas iam ambas educam foras.
Tu senex si istas amas, huc arido argentost opus;
Si autem Veneri conplacuerunt, habeat, si argentum dabit.
DAE. Dei tibi argentum? nunc adeo meam ut scias sententiam,
Occipito modo illis adferre uim ioculo pauxillulum:
Ita ego te hinc ornatum amittam, tu ipsus te ut non noueris.
Vos adeo, ubi ego innuero uobis, ni ei caput exoculassitis,
Quasi murteta iuncis item ego uigis circumuinciam.
LAB. Vi agis mecum. TRAC. Etiam uim probro das, flagiti flagrantia?
LAB. Tun trifurcifer mihi audes inclementer dicere?
TRAC. Fateor, ego trifurcifer sum, tu es homo adprime probus:
Numqui minus hasce esse oportet liberas? LAB. Quid 'liberas'?

LAB. They are.

TRAC. Well then, just touch either one of them with the tip of your little finger.

LAB. What then?

TRAC. Then I'll at once make a punching-bag of you, you perjured scoundrel.

LAB. *(To Daemones)* Can't I take my own girls away from the altar of Venus?

DAE. You may not; that's the law here.

LAB. What have I to do with your laws? I'll take them both away at once. But, I say, old man, if you're in love with them, you may have them, for spot cash; or if they've found favor with Venus, she may have them, if she will pay the price.

DAE. The gods pay money to you? Now understand me clearly; just start, even in joke, to offer them violence, and I'll send you away with such a dressing-down that you won't know yourself. And if you *(to slaves)*, when I give you the signal, don't gouge his eyes out, I'll wrap the whip around your legs, as tightly as they wrap a bundle of sticks into a faggot.

LAB. This is forcing me.

TRAC. And you reproach us with that, you sink of iniquity?

LAB. Do you dare, you double-dyed scoundrel, to speak uncivilly to me?

TRAC. I'm a double-dyed scoundrel all right, and you are a highly moral party; but just the same oughtn't these women to be free?

LAB. Free?

TRAC. Atque eras tuas quidem hercle atque ex germana Graecia:
Nam altera haec est nata Athenis ingenuis parentibus.
DAE. Quid ego ex te audio? TRAC. Hanc Athenis esse natam liberam.
DAE. Mea popularis opsecro haec est? TRAC. Non tu Cyrenensis es?
DAE. Immo Athenis natus altusque educatusque Atticis.
TRAC. Opsecro, defende ciuis tuas, senex. DAE. O filia
Mea, quom hanc uideo, mearum me apsens miseriarum commones.
Trima quae periit mihi, iam tanta esset, si uiuit, scio.
LAB. Argentum ego pro istisce ambabus, quoiae erant, domino dedi.
Quid mea refert, Athenis natae haec an Thebis sient,
Dum mihi recte seruitutem seruiant? TRAC. Itane, inpudens?
Tune hic faelis uirginalis liberos parentibus
Sublectos habebis atque indigno quaestu conteres?
Namque huic alterae quae patria sit, profecto nescio:
Nisi scio probiorem hanc esse quam te, inpuratissume.
LAB. Tua enim istaec sunt. TRAC. Contende ergo, uter sit tergo purior:
Ni offerumentas habebis pluris in tergo tuo
Quam ulla nauis longa clauos, tum ego ero mendacissumus.
Postea aspicito meum, quando ego tuom inspec-

TRAC. Yes; and instead of your being master, they should be; for they come from the mother country, and one of them was born at Athens of free parents.

DAE. What's that?

TRAC. She *(pointing to Palaestra)* was born free and at Athens.

DAE. Is she a compatriot of mine?

TRAC. Aren't you from Cyrene?

DAE. I was born and bred at Athens, and brought up there.

TRAC. Then defend your fellow citizens, worthy sir.

DAE. O my daughter, when I look upon this young girl, how I am reminded of what your loss makes me suffer! She who was taken from me when only three years old, if she now lives, would be like this girl, I know.

LAB. I paid their former owner for them, and it makes no difference to me whether they were born at Athens or Thebes, so long as they obey me.

TRAC. Is it so, impudence? Are you, like a cat, to be pouncing on young girls stolen from their parents, to ruin them in your disgraceful profession? I don't know about the birthplace of this other girl, but I do know that she is far above you, you vile scoundrel.

LAB. Apply your abuse to yourself.

TRAC. Shall we prove by the trial of backs which of us is the cleaner? If your back isn't cut into as many ribbons as a man-of-war has nails, I'm the worst of liars. Then, after I 've looked at your back, you look

tauero:
Ni erit tam sincerum, ut quiuis dicat ampullarius
Optumum esse operi faciundo corium et sincerissumum,
Quid causaest quin uirgis te usque ad saturitatem sauciem?
Quid illas spectas? quas si attigeris, oculos eripiam tibi.
LAB. Atqui, quia uotas, utramque iam mecum abducam semul.
DAE. Quid facies? LAB. Volcanum adducam: is Venerist aduorsarius.
TRAC. Quo illic it? LAB. Heus, ecquis hic est? heus. DAE. Si attigeris ostium,
Iam hercle tibi fiet in ore messis mergis pugneis.
LOR. Nullum habemus ignem: ficis uictitamus aridis.
TRAC. Ego dabo ignem, siquidem in capite tuo conflandi copiast.
LAB. Ibo hercle aliquo quaeritatum ignem. DAE. Quid, quom inueneris?
LAB. Ignem magnum hic faciam. DAE. Quin inhumanum exuras tibi?
LAB. Immo hasce ambas hic in ara ut uiuas comburam, id uolo.
TRAC. Iam hercle ego te continuo barba arripiam, in ignem coniciam,
Teque ambustulatum obiciam magnis auibus pabulum.
DAE. Quom coniecturam egomet mecum facio, haec illast simia,

at mine; and if it isn't clean and whole, so that any flask-maker would say it was a perfect hide for his business, what reason is there why I shouldn't baste you until I'm tired of it? What are you looking at them for? I'll gouge your eyes out if you touch them.

LAB. And just because you forbid me, I'll take them both off with me directly.

DAE. What are you going to do?

LAB. *(Starting towards cottage)* I'm going to fetch Vulcan; he's opposed to Venus.

TRAC. Where's he going?

LAB. Hello there, any one here?

DAE. By Jove, if you touch that door, I'll harvest a crop of hay on your face, with my fists as pitchforks.

LOR. We don't use fire here; we live on dried figs.

TRAC. I'll give you fire, if you'll let me apply it to your head.

LAB. I'll get fire somewhere else.

DAE. What will you do when you have found it?

LAB. I'll make a big blaze.

DAE. With which to burn the meanness out of yourself?

LAB. No; I'll burn these two alive at the altar.

TRAC. And, by gad, I'll throw you by the beard into the fire, and when you're half-done give you to the vultures for food.

DAE. *(Aside)* When I come to think of it, this is

Quae has hirundines ex nido uolt eripere ingratiis,
Quod ego in somnis somniaui. TRAC. Scin quid tecum oro, senex?
Vt illas serues, uim defendas, dum ego erum adduco meum.
DAE. Quaere erum atque adduce. TRAC. At hic ne— DAE. Maxumo malo suo,
Si attigerit siue occeptassit. TRAC. Cura. DAE. Curatumst: abi.
TRAC. Hunc quoque adserua ipsum, ne quo abitat. nam promisimus
Carnufici aut talentum magnum aut hunc hodie sistere.
DAE. Abi modo: ego, dum abes, curabo recte. TRAC. Iam ego reuenero.

DAEMONES LABRAX LORARII PALAESTRA AMPELISCA III, v

DAE. Vtrum tu leno cum malo lubentius
Quiescis an sic sine malo, si copiast?
LAB. Ego quae tu loquere flocci non facio, senex.
Meas quidem ted inuito et Venere et summo Ioue
De ara capillo iam deripiam. DAE. Tangedum.
LAB. Tangam hercle uero. DAE. Agedum ergo, accede huc modo.
LAB. Iubedum recedere istos ambo illuc modo.
DAE. Immo ad te accedent. LAB. Non hercle equidem censeo.
DAE. Quid ages, si accedent propius? LAB. Ego recessero.
Verum, senex, si te umquam in urbe offendero,

the ape that in my dream tried to steal the swallows from their nest, against my will.

TRAC. Do you know what I should like you to do, worthy sir? guard these girls until I fetch my master.

DAE. Go and get him.

TRAC. But don't let this fellow—

DAE. It will be at his peril, if he touches them.

TRAC. Be on your watch.

DAE. I will see to that; be off.

TRAC. And don't let this fellow get away, for we are engaged to deliver him to the hangman today, or forfeit a talent of silver.

DAE. Be off now; I'll take care of him until you return.

TRAC. I'll be back shortly. [*Exit Trachalio towards shore.*]

DAE. See here, pander; would you rather keep quiet with a beating or without one, if you could choose?

LAB. I don't care a fig for what you say, old man. I'm going to take them away from the altar, in spite of you, or Venus, or Jove himself.

DAE. Just touch them.

LAB. Sure, I'll touch them.

DAE. Very well; try it.

LAB. Tell these fellows to retreat a bit.

DAE. On the contrary, they will advance.

LAB. I don't think so.

DAE. If they advance, what will you do?

LAB. Oh, I'll—retreat. But see here, old chap, if I

Numquam hercle quisquam me lenonem dixerit,
Si te non ludos pessumos dimisero.
DAE. Facito istuc quod minitare. sed nunc interim
Si illas attigeris, dabitur tibi magnum malum.
LAB. Quam magnum uero? DAE. Quantum lenoni sat est.
LAB. Minacias ego flocci non faciam tuas:
Equidem has te inuito iam ambas rapiam. DAE. Tangedum.
LAB. Tangam hercle uero. DAE. Tanges? at scin quo modo?
Idum Turbalio curriculo, adfer huc domo
Duas clauas. LOR. Clauas? DAE. Sed probas: propera cito.
Ego te hodie faxo recte acceptum, ut dignus es.
LAB. Eheu, scelestus galeam in naui perdidi:
Nunc mi opportuna hic esset, salua si foret.
Licet saltem istas mi appellare? DAE. Non licet.
Ehem, optume edepol eccum clauator aduenit.
LAB. Illud quidem edepol tinnimentumst auribus.
DAE. Age, accipe illinc alteram clauam, Sparax.
Age, alter istinc, alter hinc adsistite.
Adsistite ambo sic. audite nunciam:
Si hercle illic illas hodie digito tetigerit
Inuitas, ni istunc istis inuitassitis
Vsque adeo, donec qua domum abeat nesciat,
Peristis ambo. si appellabit quempiam,
Vos respondetote istinc istarum uicem.
Sin ipse abitere hinc uolet, quantum potest
Extemplo amplectitote crura fustibus.

ever catch you in town, if I don't have sport with you before you get away, never call me pimp again.

DAE. Threaten away, but meanwhile, if you so much as touch them, I'll give you the devil of a punishment.

LAB. How much will that be?

DAE. Enough for even a procurer.

LAB. A fig for your threats; watch me take them both in spite of you.

DAE. Again I say, just try it.

LAB. I will, by Jove.

DAE. Yes, you will; but do you know at what cost? *(To one of the slaves)* Turbalio, go into the house and get two clubs; run.

LOR. Clubs?

DAE. Yes, and big ones; hurry now. *(To Labrax)* I'm going to give you the reception you deserve.

LAB. And I unluckily left my helmet on the ship; it would come in handy now. May I at least speak to them?

DAE. You may not. Ah, here comes the cudgel-bearer.

LAB. Which means a tingling for my ears.

DAE. Here, Sparax, take the other club. You stand here, and you there, one on either side; so. Now listen to me. If he lays a finger onthem, against their will, and you don't give him such a reception that he won't know where he's at, it will be the end of you both. If he addresses either one, you reply for them; and if he tries to get at them, wrap your cudgels about his legs.

Lab. Etiam me abire hinc non sinent? Dae. Dixi satis.
Et ubi ille cum ero seruos huc aduenerit,
Qui erum arcessiuit, itote extemplo domum.
Curate haec sultis magna diligentia.
Lab. Heu hercle, ne istic fana mutantur cito:
Iam hoc Herculi fit, Veneris fanum quod fuit:
Ita duo destituit signa hic cum clauis senex.
Non hercle quo hinc nunc gentium aufugiam scio:
Ita nunc mi utrumque saeuit, et terra et mare.
Palaestra! Lor. Quid uis? Lab. Apage, controuorsiast:
Haec quidem Palaestra quae respondit non meast.
Heus, Ampelisca! Lor. Caue sis infortunio.
Lab. Vt potis est, ignaui homines satis recte monent.
Sed uobis dico, heus uos, num molestiaest
Me adire ad illas propius? Lor. Nil—nobis quidem.
Lab. Numquid molestum mihi erit? Lor. Nil, si caueris.
Lab. Quid est quod caueam? Lor. Em, a crasso infortunio.
Lab. Quaeso hercle abire ut liceat. Lor. Abeas, si uelis.
Lab. Bene hercle factum: habeo uobis gratiam.
Non cedam potius: illic astate ilico.
Edepol proueni nequiter multis modis:
Certumst hasce hodie usque opsidione uincere.

Plesidippus Trachalio Labrax Charmides Lorarii Palaestra Ampelisca III, vi

Ples. Meamne ille amicam leno ui, uiolentia

LAB. Won't they even let me go away?

DAE. I've said enough to you. *(To slaves.)* And when that slave returns with his master, go into the house at once. I want you to show the greatest vigilance. [*Exit into cottage.*]

LAB. I say, this temple's changing hands; it formerly belonged to Venus, and now Hercules is in charge. The old man has set up two statues of Hercules and his club! Now in very truth, I don't know which way to turn; everything's against me, on land, as well as on sea. Palaestra!

LOR. *(Gruffly)* What do you want?

LAB. Get out now; I protest. That was not my Palaestra who answered. Ampelisca!

LOR. Look out for trouble.

LAB. *(Aside)* As well as they can, these cowardly fellows give me good advice. See here, you, will it cause any trouble if I go a bit nearer to them?

LOR. No—not to us.

LAB. To me?

LOR. Not if you take care.

LAB. Take care for what?

LOR. A sound beating.

LAB. But I entreat you to let me go closer to them.

LOR. Very well, if you wish.

LAB. Oh, that's good; I am much obliged to you. *(As he starts forward, they threaten with clubs.)* No, no, I won't go; stay where you are. Oh, how wretchedly everything turns out! But I'll get them yet, if I have to lay siege to them.

*Enter Plesidippus with Trachalio, from the shore, stopping at extreme left.*

PLES. And the pimp tried to take my mistress away by force from the altar of Venus?

De ara deripere Veneris uoluit? TRAC. Admodum.
PLES. Quin occidisti extemplo? TRAC. Gladius non erat.
PLES. Caperes aut fustem aut lapidem. TRAC. Quid, ego quasi canem
Hominem insectarer lapidibus nequissumum?
LAB. Nunc pol ego perii: Plesidippus eccum adest:
Conuorret iam hic me totum cum puluisculo.
PLES. Etiamne in ara tunc sedebant mulieres,
Quom ad me profectus es ire? TRAC. Ibidem nunc sedent.
PLES. Quis illas nunc illic seruat? TRAC. Nescioquis senex,
Vicinus Veneris, is dedit operam optumam:
Is nunc cum seruis seruat: ego mandaueram.
PLES. Duc me ad lenonem recta. ubi illic est homo?
LAB. Salue. PLES. Salutem nil moror. opta ocius:
Rapi te optorto collo mauis an trahi?
Vtrumuis opta, dum licet. LAB. Neutrum uolo.
PLES. Abi sane ad litus curriculo, Trachalio,
Iube illos in urbem ire obuiam ad portum mihi,
Quos mecum duxi, hunc qui ad carnuficem traderent:
Post huc redito atque agitato hic custodiam.
Ego hunc scelestum in ius rapiam exulem.
Age, ambula in ius. LAB. Quid ego deliqui? PLES. Rogas?
Quin arrabonem a me accepisti ob mulierem
Et eam hinc auexti? LAB. Non auexi. PLES. Quor negas?
LAB. Quia pol prouexi: auehere non quiui miser.

TRAC. Exactly.

PLES. Why didn't you kill him?

TRAC. I had no sword.

PLES. Why didn't you take a club or a rock?

TRAC. Should I have stoned him to death like a mad dog?

LAB. The jig's up; here's Plesidippus. He'll mop up the earth with me.

PLES. And were they still by the altar when you left?

TRAC. They're there now.

PLES. Who is guarding them?

TRAC. An old man who lives next to the temple, and his slaves; I told him what to do.

PLES. *(Advancing towards area)* Take me to the pimp; where is he?

LAB. Good morning.

PLES. I don't want any of your "good mornings". Make your choice quickly. Would you rather be taken away with a rope around your neck; or be dragged off by the heels? Decide while you can.

LAB. Neither.

PLES. Run to the shore, Trachalio, and tell those men whom I brought to take this fellow to the hangman, that they're to meet me at the harbor. Then return and keep guard here. I'm going to take this rascal to court. [*Exit Trachalio, left.*] Come along with you.

LAB. What have I done that's wrong?

PLES. Do you ask me that? Didn't you accept part payment from me for this girl, and then take her away?

LAB. I didn't take her away.

PLES. Why do you deny it?

LAB. Because I only tried, but couldn't get her away, unfortunately. And besides, didn't I tell you I

Equidem tibi me dixeram praesto fore
Apud Veneris fanum: numquid muto? Sumne ibi?
PLES. In iure causam dicito: hic uerbum sat est.
Sequere. LAB. Opsecro te, subueni, mi Charmides:
Rapior optorto collo. CHAR. Quis me nominat?
LAB. Viden me ut rapior? CHAR. Video atque inspecto lubens.
LAB. Non subuenire mi audes? CHAR. Quis homo te rapit?
LAB. Adulescens Plesidippus. CHAR. Vt nanctus es habe:
Bono animo meliust te in neruom conrepere:
Tibi optigit quod plurumi exoptant sibi.
LAB. Quid id est? CHAR. Vt id quod quaerant inueniant sibi.
LAB. Sequere, opsecro, me. CHAR. Pariter suades, qualis es:
Tu in neruom rapere: eo me opsecras ut te sequar?
PLES. Etiam retentas? LAB. Perii. CHAR. Verum sit uelim.
PLES. Tu mea Palaestra et Ampelisca, ibidem ilico
Manete, dum ego huc redeo. LOR. Equidem suadeo
Vt ad nos abeant potius, dum recipis. PLES. Placet:
Bene facitis. LAB. Fures mi estis. LOR. Quid 'fures'? rape.
LAB. Oro, opsecro, Palaestra. PLES. Sequere, carnufex.
LAB. Hospes— CHAR. Non sum hospes: repudio hospitium tuom.

would be here at the shrine of Venus? Did I break my word? Aren't I here?

PLES. Tell that to the judge; we've had talking enough. *(Throws rope over his head.)* Come on here.

LAB. Help, dear Charmides; they're dragging me off with a rope.

CHAR. *(Coming out of temple)* Who's calling?

LAB. Don't you see how they're taking me away?

CHAR. Yes, and glad to see it too.

LAB. Won't you please help me?

CHAR. Who's taking you?

LAB. The young man, Plesidippus.

CHAR. Make the best of a bad business, and go to jail cheerfully. In this way you will attain what many desire.

LAB. What's that?

CHAR. The goal you've always headed for.

LAB. Do please follow me.

CHAR. Your advice is as bad as you are; they are taking you to jail and you ask me to follow you.

PLES. *(To Labrax)* Are you still holding back?

LAB. I'm lost.

CHAR. I hope you are.

PLES. *(Turning to the two women)* And you, Palaestra dear, and Ampelisca, remain where you are until I return.

LOR. I suggest that they go to our house until you return.

PLES. I like that; that's an excellent offer.

LAB. Oh, you thieves!

LOR. "Thieves"! is it? Jerk him along.

LAB. I beg of you, Palaestra!

LOR. Come along, jail-bird.

LAB. My friend!

CHAR. I'm no friend of yours; I repudiate your friendship.

LAB. Sicine me spernis? CHAR. Sic ago; semel bibo.
LAB. Di te infelicent. CHAR. Isti capiti dicito.
Credo alium in aliam beluam hominem uortier:
Illic in columbum, credo, leno uortitur:
Nam in collumbari collum haud multo post erit.
In neruom ille hodie nidamenta congeret.
Verum tamen ibo, ei aduocatus ut siem,
Si qui mea opera citius—addici potest.

## ACTUS IV

DAEMONES IV, i

Bene factum et uolup est me hodie his mulierculis,
Tetulisse auxilium: iam cluentas repperi,
Atque ambas forma scitula atque aetatula.
Sed uxor scelesta me omnibus seruat modis,
Ne qui significem quidpiam mulierculis.
Sed Gripus seruos noster quid rerum gerat
Miror, de nocte qui abiit piscatum ad mare.
Pol magis sapisset, si dormiuisset domi:
Nam nunc et operam ludos facit et retia,
Vt nunc tempestas est atque ut noctu fuit.
In digitis hodie percoquam quod ceperit:
Ita fluctuare uideo uehementer mare.
Sed ad prandium uxor me uocat: redeo domum.
Iam meas opplebit auris uaniloquentia.

GRIPUS IV, ii

Neptuno has ago gratias meo patrono,
Qui salsis locis incolit pisculentis,
Quom med ex suis pulchre ornatum expediuit
Templis redducem, pluruma praeda onustum

LAB. Do you so spurn me?

CHAR. I do; I've had one drink with you already.

LAB. A curse on you then.

CHAR. On your own head, rather. [*Exeunt Plesidippus and slaves with Labrax.*] I suppose men are changed into all sorts of animals, as the philosophers say. This procurer, for instance, will be turned into a stock-dove; his neck will shortly be in the stocks; and the jail will be his dove-cote. But just the same I'll go and act as his counsel, so that, if possible, he'll be the more quickly—sentenced.

*Enter Daemones from cottage.*

DAE. It's a pleasure to have done a good turn to these young women, and to have them as my wards, both young and pretty, too. But my wife, confound her, is always on the watch for fear I'll have some understanding with them. . . . . But I wonder what in the world that slave of mine, Gripus, is doing. He left last night to fish in the sea. He would have been wiser to sleep at home; the rough weather, last night and this morning, must have played the deuce with his fishing, and his nets, too. I can fry on my fingers all he'll catch, with a sea running like this. But there's my wife calling luncheon; I'll go and have my ears filled with her idle talk.

*Enter Gripus from the left. From his shoulder he drags a net, in which is secured a traveling hamper. The hamper is tied about with a rope, one end of which goes, with the net, over his shoulder, while the other trails lengthily behind him.*

GRI. To Neptune, patron of fishermen, who dwells in the salt domain of the finny tribe, all thanks for this, in that he hath sent me back from his realms so well supplied, with so rich a booty, and my fishing-boat safe.

Salute horiae, atque in mari fluctuoso 910
Piscatu nouo me uberi conpotiuit.
Miroque modo atque incredibili hic piscatus mihi lepide euenit:
Neque piscium ullam unciam pondo hodie cepi nisi hoc quod fero in rete. 913, 914
Nam ut de nocte multa inpigreque exsurrexi, 915
Lucrum praeposiui sopori et quieti:
Tempestate saeua experiri expetiui,
Paupertatem eri qui et meam seruitutem
Tolerarem: opera haud fui parcus mea.
Nimis homo nihilist qui est piger, nimisque id genus odi ego male. 920
Vigilare decet hominem qui uolt sua temperi conficere officia:
Non enim illum expectare id oportet, dum erus se ad suom suscitet officium.
Nam qui dormiunt lubenter, sine lucro et cum malo quiescunt.
Nam ego nunc mihi, 924a
Qui inpiger fui, 924b
Repperi ut piger 924c
Si uelim siem. 924d
Hoc ego in mari, 925a
Quidquid inest, repperi: 925b
Quidquid inest, graue quidemst. 925c
Aurum hic ego inesse reor, nec mi conscius est ullus homo: nunc haec
Tibi occasio, Gripe, optigit, ut liberes ex populo praeter te.

In spite of rough seas, in strange and marvellous way, he has prettily enriched me with a haul the like of which none other has ever seen. And not a pound weight of fish have I caught this day, except what is here in this net. By rising in the middle of the night, I preferred gain to peaceful sleep, tried in the face of storm to relieve my poor master and my own slave's lot. I spared not myself. A lazy man is a man of naught, and I despise the tribe. He who would do his tasks in good season, should be awake, nor wait till his master stir him up. He who prefers sleep, takes his rest, to be sure, but without gain, and he suffers for it.

Now I, who have always worked hard, have found the means to be idle, if I will. For this, whatever it is, I have found in the sea; and whatever it is, it's heavy. There's gold without doubt; and no one knows. The time has come to be free, Gripus.....I

Nunc sic faciam, sic consiliumst: ad erum ueniam docte atque astu.
Pauxillatim pollicitabor pro capite argentum, ut sim liber.
Iam ubi liber ero, igitur demum mi instruam agrum atque aedis, mancipia:
Nauibus magnis mercaturam faciam: apud reges rex perhibebor.
Post animi causa mihi nauem faciam atque imitabor Stratonicum,
Oppida circumuectabor. ubi nobilitas mea erit clara,
Oppidum magnum conmoenibo: ei ego urbi Gripo indam nomen,
Monimentum meae famae et factis; ibi regnum magnum instituam.
Magnas res hic agito in mentem instruere. hunc nunc uidulum condam.
Sed hic rex cum aceto pransurust et sale, sine bono pulmento.

Trachalio Gripus IV, iii

Trac. Heus mane, Gri. Quid maneam? Trac. dum hanc tibi
Quam trahis rudentem conplico.
Gri. Mitte modo. Trac. At pol ego te adiuuo:
Nam bonis quod bene fit, haud perit.
Gri. Turbida tempestas heri fuit:
Nil habeo, adulescens, piscium:
Ne tu mihi esse postules.
Non uides referre me uuidum
Rete sine squamoso pecu?

have a plan: I'll approach my master cunningly and shrewdly. I'll offer little by little small sums for my freedom. And when I am free, I'll have me an estate and house to match, my own property. I'll do merchandizing in great ships, and be the mightiest of the mighty. And then for my own pleasure I'll build me a ship, and like Stratonicus sail from port to port. When my fame is complete, I'll build a great city, and call it Gripus, a monument to my fame and fortunes. I shall then become king of the country. I have in mind to do mighty things. But first I'll hide this hamper. *(Starts from cottage and then stops.)* To think that I, this great king, must go without dainties for my breakfast, and be content with sour wine, and salt for relish. *(Moves toward cottage.)*

*Trachalio, who has been watching for some time from the left, now advances.*

TRAC. Wait there.

GRI. What for?

TRAC. While I coil up this rope you're dragging. *(He begins to coil it up.)*

GRI. Just let that go.

TRAC. But I'm helping you; bread cast upon the waters, you know, always comes back—and that kind of stuff.

GRI. The weather was stormy yesterday, and I haven't a fish; so don't expect anything. Don't you see I'm bringing back only a wet net, with no haul?

Trac. Non edepol piscis expeto 943a
Quam tui sermonis sum indigens. 943b
Gri. Enicas iam me odio, quisquis es. 944a
Trac. Non sinam ego abire hinc te: mane. 944b
Gri. Caue sis malo: quid tu, malum, nam manu me
retrahis? Trac. Audi. 945
Gri. Non audio. Trac. At pol qui audies. Gri. Post.
Trac. Nunc. Gri. Quin loquere quiduis. 946
Trac. Ehodum huc modo: operae pretiumst 947a
Quod tibi ego uolo narrare. 947b
Gri. Eloquere quid id est. Trac. Vide, num 948a
Quispiam consequitur prope nos.
Gri. Ecquid est quod mea referat? Trac. Scilicet:
Sed boni consili ecquid in te mihist? 950
Gri. Quid negotist, modo dic. Trac. Dicam, tace,
Si fidem modo
Das mihi te non fore infidum.
Gri. Do fidem tibi:
Fidus ero, quisquis es. Trac. Audi. 955
Furtum ego uidi qui faciebat: 956a
Noram dominum id quoi fiebat. 956b
Post ad furem egomet deuenio 957a
Feroque ei condicionem hoc pacto: 957b
'Ego istuc furtum scio quoi factumst: 958a
Nunc mihi si uis dare dimidium, 958b
Indicium domino non faciam.' 959a
Is mihi nil etiam respondit. 959b
Quid inde aequomst dari mihi? dimidium 960a
Volo ut dicas. Gri. Immo hercle etiam plus: 960b
Nam nisi dat, domino dicundum 961a

TRAC. It isn't fish I want; but only a little talk with you.

GRI. You bore me to death. *(Starts to go.)*

TRAC. *(Grasping rope)* You shall not go; hold on.

GRI. You look out for trouble. What the devil are you holding me back for?

TRAC. Listen.

GRI. I won't.

TRAC. By George, you will.

GRI. Well, later.

TRAC. No, now.

GRI. What do you wish, then?

TRAC. It will pay you to hear what I have to say.

GRI. Then why don't you talk?

TRAC. See if anyone's following us.

GRI. Does that interest me at all?

TRAC. Certainly it does. Could you give me a little good advice?

GRI. Speak up; what is it?

TRAC. Be quiet now—I'll tell you, if you'll pledge your word to keep faith with me.

GRI. I will, whoever you are.

TRAC. *(Impressively)* Listen.

I saw a man steal something.
I knew the man from whom he stole it.
I went to the thief and made him an offer, like this:
"I know the man from whom you have stolen;
Divide the loot with me, and I'll not peach."
But he wouldn't give me any answer.
How much do you think I should get out of him?
I hope you'll say "a half".

GRI. On the contrary, more than half; and if he doesn't give it to you, I advise you to inform the original owner.

Censeo. Trac. Tuo consilio faciam.
Nunc aduorte animum: namque hoc omne attinet ad te. Gri. Quid factumst?
Trac. Vidulum istum quoiust noui ego hominem iam pridem. Gri. Quid est?
Trac. Et quo pacto periit. Gri. At ego quo pacto inuentust scio:
Et qui inuenit hominem noui, et dominus qui nunc est scio.
Nihilo pol pluris tua hoc quam quanti illud refert mea.
Ego illum noui quoius nunc est: tu illum quoius antehac fuit.
Hunc homo feret a me nemo: ne tu te speres potis.
Trac. Non ferat, si dominus ueniat? Gri. Dominus huic, ne frustra sis,
Nisi ego nemo natust, hunc qui cepi in uenatu meo.
Trac. Itane uero? Gri. Ecquem esse dices in mari piscem meum?
Quos quom capio, siquidem cepi, mei sunt: habeo pro meis.
Nec manu adseruntur neque illinc partem quisquam postulat.
In foro palam omnis uendo pro meis uenalibus.
Mare quidem conmune certost omnibus. Trac. Adsentio:
Qui minus hunc conmunem quaeso mihi esse oportet uidulum?
In mari inuentust conmuni. Gri. Esne inpudenter inpudens?
Nam si istuc ius sit quod memoras, piscatores perierint.

TRAC. I'll follow your advice. Now pay attention, for this concerns you.

GRI. Why so?

TRAC. I've known for a long time the man to whom that hamper belongs.

GRI. What do you mean?

TRAC. And how it was lost.

GRI. You do, do you? Well, I know how it was found, and I know the man who found it, and who now owns it. How does this fact concern you, any more than the other concerns me. I know whose it is now; you know whose it was before. No one shall ever get it from me; don't you hope to.

TRAC. If the owner should turn up, wouldn't he get it?

GRI. Don't fool yourself; there's no man alive that will ever own it except me, who took it in my catch.

TRAC. Is that so?

GRI. You'll have to admit, won't you, that the fish I catch are mine? I treat them as mine, and no one else ever claims them or any part of them. I sell them openly in the market as mine. The sea is surely common to all.

TRAC. I admit that; but why then should this hamper not be common to me, as well as to you? it was found in the common sea.

GRI. Of all the impudence! If what you say is true, it's the end of all fishermen. For as soon as they

Quippe quom extemplo in macellum pisces prolati sient,
Nemo emat: suam quisque partem piscium poscant sibi:
Dicant in mari conmuni captos. TRAC. Quid ais, inpudens?
Ausus es etiam conparare uidulum cum piscibus?
Eadem tandem res uidetur? GRI. In manu non est mea:
Vbi demisi rete atque hamum, quidquid haesit extraho.
Meum quod rete atque hami nancti sunt, meum potissumumst.
TRAC. Immo hercle haud est, siquidem quod uas excepisti. GRI. Philosophe!
TRAC. Sed tu, enumquam piscatorem uidisti, uenefice,
Vidulum piscem cepisse aut protulisse ullum in forum?
Non enim tu hic quidem occupabis omnis quaestus quos uoles:
Et uitorem et piscatorem te esse, inpure, postulas.
Vel te mihi monstrare oportet piscis qui sit uidulus:
Vel quod in mari non natumst neque habet squamas ne feras.
GRI. Quid tu? numquam audisti esse antehac uidulum piscem? TRAC. Scelus,
Nullus est. GRI. Immost profecto: ego qui sum piscator scio.
Verum rare capitur: nullus minus saepe ad terram uenit.
TRAC. Nil agis: dare uerba speras mihi te posse, furcifer,

offered fish in the market, no one would buy. They would say they were caught in the common sea, and each demand his share.

TRAC. Talk about impudence! Have you the nerve to compare a hamper with a fish? Do they seem the same thing to you?

GRI. I'm not responsible for the catch; I drop in my net and hooks, and draw in whatever's caught. And all that comes in in that way is most decidedly mine.

TRAC. Quite the contrary, by Jove, if what you've caught is a hamper.

GRI. You're some sophist, you cut-throat!

TRAC. But have you ever seen a fisherman catch and bring a hamper into market? You can't follow all the trades at once; you can't be a maker of hampers, and a fisherman at the same time. You'll have either to prove to me that a hamper's a fish, or else give up your claim to what's not raised in the sea, and has no scales.

GRI. What! Have you never seen a hamper-fish?

TRAC. There's no such thing, wretch.

GRI. Sure, there is. I'm a fisherman, and ought to know. But they're rare, and you don't often land them.

TRAC. Get out, thief. Do you think you can fool me? What color is it?

Quo colorest? Gri. Hoc colore capiuntur pauxilluli:
Sunt alii puniceo corio, magni autem, atque atri. Trac. Scio:
Tu hercle, opino, in uidulum piscem te conuortes, nisi caues:
Fiet tibi puniceum corium, postea atrum denuo.
Gri. Quod scelus hodie hoc inueni? Trac. Verba facimus: it dies.
Vide sis, quoius arbitratu facere nos uis. Gri. Viduli
Arbitratu. Trac. Itane? Gri. Ita enimuero. Trac. Stultus es. Gri. Salue, Thales!
Trac. Tu istunc hodie non feres, nisi das sequestrum aut arbitrum,
Quoius haec res arbitratu fiat. Gri. Quaeso sanun es?
Trac. Elleborosus sum. Gri. At ego cerritus: hunc non amittam tamen.
Trac. Verbum etiam adde unum, iam in cerebro colaphos apstrudam tuo.
Iam ego te hic, itidem quasi peniculus nouos exurgeri solet,
Ni hunc amittis, exurgebo quidquid umoris tibist.
Gri. Tange: adfligam ad terram te itidem ut piscem soleo polypum.
Vis pugnare? Trac. Quid opust? quin tu potius praedam diuide.
Gri. Hinc tu nisi malum frunisci nil potes, ne postules.
Abeo ego hinc. Trac. At ego hinc offlectam nauem, ne quo abeas: mane.
Gri. Si tu proreta isti naui es, ego gubernator ero.

GRI. The smaller ones are of this color *(Points to hamper.)*. The big ones are red; and then there are some that are black.

TRAC. I know; and you'll be turning into one yourself, if you don't look out; first your hide will be red, and then black.

GRI. *(Aside)* What a rascal it is!

TRAC. *(Aside)* We're wasting time; the day's going. *(To Gripus)* See here, at whose arbitration do you want this settled?

GRI. At the arbitration of the hamper.

TRAC. So?

GRI. Yes, so!

TRAC. You're a fool.

GRI. My compliments, Philosopher!

TRAC. You'll not get away with this today, without either a trustee or an arbitrator, at whose decision the matter will be settled.

GRI. You must be crazy.

TRAC. I do need hellebore.

GRI. I'm cracked, myself; but nevertheless I'll not let this go.

TRAC. Say another word, and I'll beat your head in with my fists; I'll squeeze the juice out of you like a new sponge.

GRI. Just touch me; I'll smash you to the ground like a jellyfish. You want to fight?

TRAC. Oh, what's the use? Why don't we divide up instead?

GRI. The only thing you can get here is trouble. I'm going.

TRAC. *(Jerking him around by the rope)* I'll put the ship about, so that you can't go. Heave to, now.

GRI. If you man the prow, I'll take the tiller. Avast on that rope, lubber.

Mitte rudentem, sceleste. TRAC. Mittam: omitte uidulum.
GRI. Numquam hercle hinc hodie ramenta fies fortunatior.
TRAC. Non probare pernegando mihi potes, nisi pars datur
Aut ad arbitrum reditur aut sequestro ponitur.
GRI. Quemne ego excepi in mari? TRAC. At ego inspectaui e litore.
GRI. Mea opera labore et rete et horia? TRAC. Numqui minus,
Si ueniat nunc dominus quoiust, ego qui inspectaui procul
Te hunc habere, fur sum quam tu? GRI. Nihilo. TRAC. Mane, mastigia:
Quo argumento socius non sum et fur sum, facdum ex te sciam.
GRI. Nescio: neque ego istas uostras leges urbanas scio;
Nisi quia hunc meum esse dico. TRAC. Et ego item esse aio meum.
GRI. Mane: iam repperi quo pacto nec fur nec socius sies.
TRAC. Quo pacto? GRI. Sine me hinc abire: tu abi tacitus tuam uiam,
Neque tu me quoiquam indicassis neque ego tibi quicquam dabo.
Tu taceto: ego mussitabo: hoc optumum atque aequissumumst.
TRAC. Ecquid condicionis audes ferre? GRI. Iam dudum fero:

TRAC. Avast yourself; let go the hamper, and I'll let go the rope.

GRI. You'll not be a penny the richer from coming here.

TRAC. Well, you can't satisfy me by refusals; either give me a share, or else agree to an arbitrator or trustee.

GRI. Even though I caught it in the sea?

TRAC. But I saw it from the shore.

GRI. It was my boat and net and work.

TRAC. But if the true owner should appear, would I, who saw the act, be any less a thief than you?

GRI. Not at all.

TRAC. Wait then, you crook; how do you prove that I share in the theft and yet not in the booty?

GRI. I can't say, and I don't know about your city laws; but I do know that this is mine.

TRAC. And just as emphatically I say it's mine.

GRI. Wait a minute; I've found a way for you not to share in the theft.

TRAC. How?

GRI. Let me go away; then you go away quietly. Don't you tell on me, and I'll not tell on you. You keep quiet, and I'll be mum.

TRAC. Come, won't you make me an offer?

GRI. I've made one: be off; drop that rope, and

Vt abeas, rudentem amittas, mihi molestus ne sies.
TRAC. Mane, dum refero condicionem. GRI. Te, opsecro hercle, aufer modo.
TRAC. Ecquem in his locis nouisti? GRI. Oportet uicinos meos.
TRAC. Vbi tu hic habitas? GRI. Porro illic longe usque in campis ultumis.
TRAC. Vin qui in hac uilla habitat eius arbitratu fieri?
GRI. Paulisper remitte restem, dum concedo et consulo.
TRAC. Fiat. GRI. Euge, salua res est: praeda haec perpetuast mea.
Ad meum erum arbitrum uocat me hic intra praesepis meas.
Numquam hercle hodie abiudicabit ab suo triobolum.
Ne iste haud scit quam condicionem tetulerit: eo ad arbitrum.
TRAC. Quid igitur? GRI. Quamquam istuc esse ius meum certo scio,
Fiat istuc potius quam nunc pugnem tecum. TRAC. Nunc places.
GRI. Quamquam ad ignotum arbitrum me adpellis, si adhibebit fidem,
Etsi ignotust, notust: si non, notus ignotissumust.

DAEMONES GRIPUS TRACHALIO PALAESTRA AMPELISCA IV,iv

DAE. Serio edepol, quamquam uobis uolo quae uoltis, mulieres,
Metuo propter uos ne uxor mea me extrudat aedibus,

cease bothering me.

TRAC. Wait until I make *you* an offer.

GRI. Clear out instead.

TRAC. Do you know anyone in these parts?

GRI. I should know my neighbors.

TRAC. Where do you live hereabouts?

GRI. Off over there, by that further farm.

TRAC. Are you willing that the man who lives here *(pointing to the cottage)* be arbitrator?

GRI. Ease off on that rope a bit, while I step aside and consider.

TRAC. All right.

GRI. *(Aside)* By George, it's all safe now; this haul is mine for ever. He offers me my master as judge and my own home as the court; and *he* will never award a penny of that away from me. I'll accept him. This fellow doesn't know what he's offering.

TRAC. Well, what do you say?

GRI. While I know I'm absolutely in the right, yet rather than fight, I'll give in.

TRAC. I'm glad to hear it.

GRI. Although you are offering me an unknown arbiter, if he's an honorable man, a stranger is as good as one who is known; but even one's friend, if not honest, is utterly unsatisfactory.

*Enter Daemones, with Palaestra and Ampelisca, from cottage.*

DAE. Seriously now, although I wish you very well, I fear my wife will drive me out of the house on

Quae me pelices adduxe dicet ante oculos suos.
Vos confugite in aram potius quam ego. Pal. et Amp. Miserae periimus.
Dae. Ego uos saluas sistam: ne timete. sed quid uos foras
Prosequimini? quoniam ego adsum, faciet nemo iniuriam.
Ite, inquam, domum ambo nunciam ex praesidio praesides.
Gri. O ere salue. Dae. Salue, Gripe. quid fit? Trac. Tuosne hic seruos est?
Gri. Haud pudet. Trac. Nil ago tecum. Gri. Ergo abi hinc sis. Trac. Quaeso responde, senex:
Tuos hic seruost? Dae. Meus est. Trac. Em istuc optume, quando tuost.
Iterum te saluto. Dae. Et ego te. tun es, qui haud multo prius
Abiisti hinc erum accersitum? Trac. Ego is sum. Dae. Quid nunc uis tibi?
Trac. Nempe hic tuos est? Dae. Meus est. Trac. Istuc optume, quando tuost.
Dae. Quid negotist? Trac. Vir scelestus illic est. Dae. Quid fecit tibi
Vir scelestus? Trac. Homini ego isti talos suffringi uolo.
Dae. Quid est qua de re litigatis nunc inter uos? Trac. Eloquar.
Gri. Immo ego eloquar. Trac. Ego, opinor, rem facesso. Gri. Si quidem
Sis pudicus, hinc facessas. Dae. Gripe, animum ad-

your account; she will say I brought rivals in under her eyes. You must take refuge again at the altar, or I must.

PAL. and AMP. Alas! we are lost.

DAE. I'll place you here in safety; don't fear. But *(to the lorarii)* what are you following for? No one will harm them, while I am here. Go home, both of you; you're no longer on guard.

GRI. Good morning, master.

DAE. Good morning, Gripus; how are things?

TRAC. *(To Daemones)* Is he your slave?

GRI. Yes, and not ashamed to admit it.

TRAC. *(To Gripus)* I've nothing to do with you.

GRI. Then please leave.

TRAC. Tell me, worthy sir, is he your slave?

DAE. He is.

TRAC. Well, I'm very glad he is. For the second time, I give you good day.

DAE. Good day to you. Wasn't it you who left here, a little while ago, to fetch your master?

TRAC. Yes.

DAE. What do you want now?

TRAC. But is he *(pointing to Gripus)* really yours?

DAE. He is.

TRAC. Well, I'm very glad.

DAE. What's the trouble?

TRAC. He's a rascal.

DAE. What's the rascal done to you?

TRAC. I want you to crack his shins for him.

DAE. What is it you two are quarreling about?

TRAC. I'll tell you.

GRI. Let me tell.

TRAC. I'm doing this, I believe.

GRI. If you had any shame, you'd get out of here.

DAE. *(To Gripus)* Pay attention, and keep quiet.

uorte ac tace.
Gri. Vtin istic prius dicat? Dae. Audi. loquere tu. Gri. Alienon prius
Quam tuo dabis orationem? Trac. Vt nequitur conprimi!
Ita ut occepi dicere, illum quem dudum e fano foras
Lenonem extrusisti, hic eius uidulum eccillum tenet.
Gri. Non habeo. Trac. Negas quod oculis uideo? Gri. At ne uideas uelim.
Habeo, non habeo: quid tu me curas quid rerum geram?
Trac. Quo modo habeas, id refert, iurene anne iniuria.
Gri. Ni istum cepi, nulla causast quin me condones cruci.
Si in mari reti prehendi, qui tuom potiust quam meum?
Trac. Verba dat: hoc modo res gestast, ut ego dico. Gri. Quid tu ais?
Trac. Quod primarius uir dicat, conprime hunc sis, si tuost.
Gri. Quid, tu idem mihi uis fieri, quod erus consueuit tibi?
Si ille te conprimere solitust, hic noster nos non solet.
Dae. Verbo illo modo ille uicit. quid nunc tu uis? dic mihi.
Trac. Equidem ego neque partem posco mihi istinc de istoc uidulo

GRI. Shall he speak first?

DAE. Hear him. *(To Trachalio)* Speak on.

GRI. Will you let an outsider speak first?

TRAC. Can nothing shut him up? As I was about to say: this slave of yours has the hamper which belongs to the procurer you drove away from the temple.

GRI. I don't have it.

TRAC. Do you deny what I see with my own eyes?

GRI. But I wish you couldn't see. What difference does it make to you whether I have it or don't have it?

TRAC. It makes a great deal of difference whether you have it rightly or wrongly.

GRI. You may hang me, if I didn't catch it in the sea, with my own net; how is it then yours rather than mine?

TRAC. He's only bluffing; it's just as I tell you.

GRI. What's that?

TRAC. Can't you shut him up, until his betters have spoken?

DAE. See here, what do you want?

TRAC. I don't ask for any share in the hamper, and

Neque meum esse hodie umquam dixi: sed isti inest cistellula
Huius mulieris, quam dudum dixi fuisse liberam.
Dae. Nempe tu hanc dicis, quam esse aiebas dudum popularem meam?
Trac. Admodum: et ea quae olim parua gestauit crepundia
Isti in ista cistula insunt, quae isti inest in uidulo.
Hoc neque isti usust et illi miserae suppetias feret,
Si id dederit, qui suos parentis quaerat. Dae. Faciam ut det: tace.
Gri. Nihil hercle ego sum isti daturus. Trac. Nihil peto nisi cistulam
Et crepundia. Gri. Quid, si ea sunt aurea? Trac. Quid istuc tua?
Aurum auro expendetur, argentum argento exaequabitur.
Gri. Fac sis aurum ut uideam: post ego faciam ut uideas cistulam.
Dae. Caue malo ac tace tu: tu perge ut occepisti dicere.
Trac. Vnum te opsecro, ut ted huius conmiserescat mulieris,
Si quidem hic lenonis eiust uidulus, quem suspicor.
Hic nisi de opinione certum nil dico tibi.
Gri. Viden? scelestus aucupatur. Trac. Sine me ut occepi loqui.
Si scelesti illius est hic quoius dico uidulus,
Haec poterunt nouisse: ostendere his iube. Gri. Ain ostendere?

I haven't said it was mine. But there is in it a little casket, belonging to the woman I told you was free-born.

DAE. The one you said was a compatriot of mine?

TRAC. Yes; and the trinkets which she had as a little child are in that casket inside the hamper. This is of no use to him *(pointing to Gripus)*, but, if given to her, would help the poor girl identify her parents.

DAE. I'll see that he gives it to her. *(To Gripus)* Be silent.

GRI. By Jove, I'll not do it.

TRAC. I ask for nothing but the casket and trinkets.

GRI. What if they are gold?

TRAC. That would not affect you. You will receive your equivalent, gold for gold.

GRI. Let me see the gold first; then you may take the casket.

DAE. Take care now; and keep quiet. *(To Trachalio)* Go on with what you were saying.

TRAC. I entreat you to have pity on the poor girl, if the hamper does belong to the procurer, as I suspect; of course I don't speak from certainty.

GRI. You see? he's setting a trap for us.

TRAC. Let me continue. If it does belong to the pander, as I suggest, these two will be able to tell. Let him show it to them.

GRI. Show it?

Dae. Haud iniquom dicit, Gripe, ut ostendatur uidulus.
Gri. Immo hercle insignite inique. Dae. Quidum? Gri. Quia, si ostendero,
Continuo hunc nouisse dicent scilicet. Trac. Scelerum caput,
Vt tute es, item omnis censes esse? periuri caput!
Gri. Omnia ego istaec facile patior, dum hic hinc a me sentiat.
Trac. Atqui nunc abs te stat, uerum hinc cibit testimonium.
Dae. Gripe, aduorte animum. tu paucis expedi quid postulas.
Trac. Dixi equidem: sed si parum intellexti, dicam denuo.
Hasce ambas, ut dudum dixi, ita esse oportet liberas:
Haec Athenis parua fuit uirgo surpta. Gri. Dic mihi,
Quid id ad uidulum pertinet, seruae sint istae an liberae.
Trac. Omnia iterum uis memorari, scelus, ut defiat dies.
Dae. Apstine maledictis et mihi quod rogaui dilue.
Trac. Cistellam isti inesse oportet caudeam in isto uidulo,
Vbi sunt signa qui parentis noscere haec possit suos,
Quibuscum periit parua Athenis, sicuti dixi prius.
Gri. Iuppiter te dique perdant. quid ais, uir uenefice?
Quid, istae mutae sunt, quae pro se fabulari non queant?

DAE. That's not unfair, Gripus—to show them the hamper.

GRI. On the contrary, it's most unfair.

DAE. How?

GRI. Because, if I show it to them, they'll of course say, at once, it's theirs.

TRAC. You scurvy knave! Do you think everybody's like yourself?

GRI. *(To Trachalio)* I don't mind all this, so long as he's on my side.

TRAC. He may be on your side now, but he's going to hear the evidence.

DAE. Gripus, pay attention. *(To Trachalio)* State briefly your demand.

TRAC. I've told you, but I'll tell you again, if you didn't understand. Both of these women, as I've just said, ought to be free. This one was stolen from Athens, when a child.

GRI. What's it got to do with the hamper, whether they're slaves or free?

TRAC. Are you trying to kill time, you piker, by having everything told twice?

DAE. Stop your abuse, and answer my question.

TRAC. There should be a willow casket in that hamper, in which are the tokens by which she can identify her parents; she had them when she disappeared from Athens, as I have told you.

GRI. Oh, you be damned! Look here, you body-snatcher, what's the matter with these women? are they dumb? can't they speak for themselves?

Trac. Eo tacent, quia tacitast bona mulier semper quam loquens.
Gri. Tum pol tu pro portione nec uir nec mulier mihi es.
Trac. Quidum? Gri. Quia enim neque loquens es neque tacens umquam bonus.
Quaeso, enumquam hodie licebit mihi loqui? Dae. Si praeterhac
Vnum uerbum faxis hodie, ego tibi conminuam caput.
Trac. Vt id occepi dicere, senex, eam te quaeso cistulam
Vt iubeas hunc reddere illis: ob eam si quid postulat
Sibi mercedis, dabitur: aliud quidquid ibist habeat sibi.
Gri. Nunc demum istuc dicis, quoniam ius meum esse intellegis:
Dudum dimidiam petebas partem. Trac. Immo etiam nunc peto.
Gri. Vidi petere miluom, etiam quom nihil auferret tamen.
Dae. Non ego te conprimere possum sine malo? Gri. Si istic tacet,
Ego tacebo: si iste loquitur, sine me meam partem loqui.
Dae. Cedo modo mihi istum uidulum, Gripe. Gri. Concredam tibi:
At, si istorum nil sit, ut mihi reddas. Dae. Reddetur. Gri. Tene.
Dae. Audi nunciam, Palaestra atque Ampelisca, hoc quod loquor:

TRAC. They're silent because a woman is good when she's quiet, not when she's talking.

GRI. Then you are neither man nor woman.

TRAC. Why is that?

GRI. Because, whether talking or quiet, you're never good. But *(to Daemones)* when will you give me a chance to say something?

DAE. If you add another word, I'll break your head.

TRAC. As I was about to say, sir, I wish you'd tell him to return the casket to them; and if he wants a reward, he shall have it. And let him keep the rest for himself.

GRI. You're saying that at last, because you recognize my rights; a while ago you demanded a half share.

TRAC. And so I do now.

GRI. I've seen a hawk before this swoop down, and yet, like you, get nothing.

DAE. Can't I shut you up except by a beating?

GRI. I'll be quiet, if he will; if he talks, then let me.

DAE. Give me that hamper, Gripus.

GRI. I'll give it to you, but on the condition that it be returned to me, if these things are not in it.

DAE. Very well.

GRI. Here it is.

DAE. Palaestra, you and Ampelisca, listen careful-

Estne hic uidulus, ubi cistellam tuam inesse aiebas? Pal. Is est.
Gri. Perii hercle ego miser: uti prius quam plane aspexit ilico
Eum esse dixit! Pal. Faciam ego hanc rem ex procliua planam tibi.
Cistellam isti inesse oportet caudeam in isto uidulo:
Ibi ego dicam quidquid inerit nominatim: tu mihi
Nullum ostenderis. si falsa dicam, frustra dixero:
Vos tamen istic quidquid inerit uobis omne habebitis.
Si erunt uera, tum opsecro te ut mea mi reddantur. Dae. Placet:
Ius merum oras meo quidem animo. Gri. At meo hercle inius merum.
Quid, si ista aut superstitiosa aut hariolast atque omnia
Quidquid inerit uera dicet? idne habebit hariola?
Dae. Non feret, nisi uera dicet: nequiquam hariolabitur.
Solue uidulum ergo, ut quid sit uerum quam primum sciam.
Trac. Hoc habet! Gri. Solutust. Dae. Aperi. video cistellam. haecinest?
Pal. Istaec est. o mei parentes, hic uos conclusos gero:
Huc opesque sp spesque uostrum cgnoscendum condidi.
Gri. Tum tibi hercle deos iratos esse oportet, quisquis es,
Quae parentis tam in angustum tuos locum conpegeris.

ly. Is this the hamper, in which you say your casket was?

PAL. It is.

GRI. I lost out there; almost before she saw it, she said it was.

PAL. I will tell you all about it. There should be a wicker casket in the hamper; and I will name everything in it without looking. If I make a mistake, it will be my loss, and you may keep everything. If I am right, then please give it to me.

DAE. Very well; that's mere justice.

GRI. Mere injustice, by Jove. What if she's a witch, or fortune-teller, and knows everything in it? Will she get it just the same?

DAE. She'll not get it without telling the truth; there's nothing in this fortune-telling business. Untie it, that we may know the facts as soon as possible.

TRAC. *(Aside, exultingly)* That does for him!

GRI. It's untied.

DAE. Open it.......I see the casket. *(Lifting it out)* Is this it?

PAL. It is. O my father and my mother! In this little box I hold you; here is my one hope of finding you.

GRI. The gods must be angry with you for getting your parents into such a tight box.

Dae. Gripe, accede huc, tua res agitur: tu, puella, istinc procul
Dicito quid insit et qua facie: memorato omnia.
Si hercle tantillum peccassis, quod posterius postules
Te ad uerum conuorti, nugas, mulier, magnas egeris.
Gri. Ius bonum oras. Trac. Edepol haud tuom orat: nam tu iniurius es.
Dae. Loquere nunciam, puella. Gripe, animum aduorte ac tace.
Pal. Sunt crepundia. Dae. Ecca uideo. Gri. Perii in primo proelio.
Mane: ne ostenderis. Dae. Qua facie sunt? responde ex ordine.
Pal. Ensiculust aureolus primum litteratus. Dae. Dicedum,
In eo ensiculo litterarum quid est? Pal. Mei nomen patris.
Post altrinsecust securicula ancipes, itidem aurea,
Litterata: ibi matris nomen in securiculast. Dae. Mane:
Dic, in ensiculo quid nomen est paternum. Pal. Daemones.
Dae. Di inmortales, ubi loci sunt spes meae? Gri. Immo edepol meae?
Trac. Pergite, opsecro, continuo. Gri. Placide, aut ite in malam crucem.
Dae. Loquere matris nomen hic quid in securicula siet.
Pal. Daedalis. Dae. Di me seruatum cupiunt. Gri. At me perditum.

DAE. Step here, Gripus; your interests are at stake. And you, girl, keep back, and describe every article here; everything, remember. If you should make the slightest mistake, something you'd like later to correct, it will be in vain.

GRI. *(Emphatically)* That's right.

TRAC. Then it's nothing to do with you; for you're all wrong.

DAE. Speak now, girl. Gripus, keep quiet, and pay attention.

PAL. There are tokens.

DAE. Yes, here they are.

GRI. Down and out in the first round! *(As Daemones begins to lift out tokens)* Stop! don't show them to her.

DAE. Describe them one after another.

PAL. First, there is a little sword of gold, with an inscription on it.

DAE. What does the inscription say?

PAL. It gives my father's name. Next, there is a little double-headed battle-axe, also of gold, with my mother's name on it.

DAE. Stop! what's the name of your father, on the sword?

PAL. Daemones.

DAE. *(In a low voice)* Good heavens! where are my hopes now?

GRI. Rather, where are mine?

TRAC. Go on; don't stop.

GRI. On the contrary, go slow—or go to the deuce.

DAE. What's the name of your mother here?

PAL. Daedalis.

DAE. The gods wish me saved.

GRI. And me, ruined.

Dae. Filiam meam esse hanc oportet, Gripe. Gri. Sit per me quidem.
Qui te di omnes perdant, qui me hodie oculis uidisti tuis,
Meque adeo scelestum, qui non circumspexi centiens
Prius me, ne quis inspectaret, quam rete extraxi ex aqua.
Pal. Post sicilicula argenteola et duae conexae maniculae,
Sucula— Gri. Quin tu i dierecta cum sucula et cum porculis.
Pal. Et bulla aureast, pater quam dedit mi natali die.
Dae. East profecto: contineri quin conplectar non queo.
Filia mea, salue: ego is sum qui te produxi pater:
Ego sum Daemones, et mater tua eccam hic intus Daedalis.
Pal. Salue, mi pater insperate. Dae. Salue: ut te amplector lubens.
Trac. Volup est quom istuc ex pietate uostra uobis contigit.
Dae. Capedum: hunc si potes fer intro uidulum, age Trachalio.
Trac. Ecce Gripi scelera! quom istaec res male euenit tibi,
Gripe, gratulor. Dae. Age eamus, mea gnata, ad matrem tuam.
Quae ex te poterit argumentis hanc rem magis exquirere:
Quae te magis tractauit magisque signa pernouit tua.

DAE. This must be my daughter, Gripus.

GRI. She may be, for all of me. But *(Shaking his fist at Trachalio)* curses on you for seeing me, and on myself, for not looking around a thousand times before drawing the net out of the water.

PAL. Then there's a little silver sickle, with two hands clasped about it; and then a crane—

GRI. The devil take you and your cranes—I think you're a cormorant, yourself.

PAL. And a gold amulet, that my father gave me the day I was born.

DAE. Without doubt it is she; I can wait no longer. *(Holds out his arms.)* Come to me, my daughter! I am Daemones, your own father; and your mother Daedalis is within the house.

PAL. O my father unexpected!

DAE. *(Embracing her)* Find welcome in your father's arms.

TRAC. It's a pleasure to see a daughter's piety so rewarded.

DAE. Come, Trachalio, take this hamper, if you can, and carry it inside.

TRAC. *(To Gripus)* Here's a blow for you, Gripus; congratulations on your luck.

DAE. Let us go, my dear, to your mother. She had more to do with you, and is acquainted with the tokens; and she will know the proofs better than I.

PAL. Eamus intro omnes simul, quando operam promiscam damus.
Sequere me, Ampelisca. AMP. Quom te di amant, uoluptatist mihi.
GRI. Sumne ego scelestus, qui illunc hodie excepi uidulum?
Aut quom excepi, qui non alicubi in solo apstrusi loco?
Credebam edepol turbulentam praedam euenturam mihi,
Quia illa mihi tam turbulenta tempestate euenerat.
Credo edepol ego illic inesse argenti et auri largiter.
Quid meliust quam ut hinc intro abeam et me suspendam clanculum,
Saltem tantisper dum apscedat haec a me aegrimonia?

DAEMONES IV, v

Pro di inmortales, quis mest fortunatior,
Qui ex inprouiso filiam inueni meam?
Satin si quoi homini di esse bene factum uolunt,
Aliquo illud pacto optingit optatum piis?
Ego hodie, qui neque speraui neque credidi,
Is inprouiso filiam inueni tamen,
Et eam de genere summo adulescenti dabo
Ingenuo Atheniensi et cognato meo.
Eum ego adeo arcessi huc ad me quam primum uolo,
Iussique exire huc eius seruom, ut ad forum
Iret. nondum egressum esse eum, id miror tamen.
Accedam opinor ad foris. quid conspicor?
Vxor conplexa collo retinet filiam.

PAL. Let us all go in, as we have a common interest. Come, Ampelisca.

AMP. I am so pleased that fortune favors you at last.

[*Exeunt all but Gripus into cottage.*]

GRI. Am I not a block-head to have fished up this hamper, or, having caught it, to fail to hide it? A troubled sea was certain to bring a troublesome catch; and it was sure full of gold and silver. I might as well go in and hang myself—for a little while, at least, until I stop feeling so bad.

[*Exit Gripus into cottage.*]

*Enter Daemones from cottage, much pleased with himself.*

DAE. By the gods, was ever man more fortunate? I, who had neither hopes nor expectations, have suddenly found a daughter. When the gods wish us well, in some way our piety is rewarded by the granting of our hopes. And she shall marry this young man, of a good family, an Athenian gentleman, and, as it turns out, even a connection of ours. And I want his slave to summon him from town immediately. But I wonder where he is. I'll go to the door and see. Now look there—my wife with her arms still about her daughter's neck! There is almost too much of this

Nimis paene inepta atque odiosa eius amatiost.

DAEMONES TRACHALIO IV, vi

DAE. Aliquando osculando meliust, uxor, pausam fieri:
Atque adorna ut rem diuinam faciam, quom intro aduenero,
Laribus familiaribus, quom auxerunt nostram familiam.
Sunt domi agni et porci sacres. sed quid istum remoramini,
Mulieres, Trachalionem? atque optume eccum exit foras.
TRAC. Vbi ubi erit, iam inuestigabo et mecum ad te adducam simul
Plesidippum. DAE. Eloquere ut haec res optigit de filia.
Eum roga ut relinquat alias res et huc ueniat. TRAC. Licet.
DAE. Dicito daturum meam illi filiam uxorem. TRAC. Licet.
DAE. Et patrem eius me nouisse et mihi esse cognatum. TRAC. Licet.
DAE. Sed propera. TRAC. Licet. DAE. Iam hic fac sit, cena ut curetur. TRAC. Licet.
DAE. Omnian 'licet'? TRAC. Licet. sed scin quid est quod te uolo?
Quod promisisti ut memineris, hodie ut liber sim. DAE. Licet.
TRAC. Fac ut exores Plesidippum, ut me manu emittat. DAE. Licet.

affection; it's a bit boring. *(Calls into the house.)* It's time to put a stop to the kissing now, and prepare for the sacrifices which I shall offer, as soon as I return, to the gods of this house for their aid to us; we have sacrificial lambs and pigs all ready. But why do you women keep Trachalio so long? *(A moment later)* Good; here he comes.

TRAC. *(Coming out of cottage)* I'll find Plesidippus and bring him back with me, wherever he is.

DAE. Tell him about my daughter; ask him to drop everything and come.

TRAC. Sure.

DAE. Tell him he's to marry her.

TRAC. Sure.

DAE. And that I know his father, and find him a connection of mine.

TRAC. Sure.

DAE. But hasten.

TRAC. Sure.

DAE. So that we may have dinner ready for him soon.

TRAC. Sure.

DAE. Are you so *sure* of everything?

TRAC. Sure. But do you know what I want of you? To remember your promise, so that I may get my freedom today.

DAE. Sure.

TRAC. Persuade Plesidippus to free me.

DAE. Sure.

Trac. Et tua filia facito oret: facile exorabit. Dae. Licet.
Trac. Atque ut mi Ampelisca nubat, ubi ego sim liber. Dae. Licet.
Trac. Atque ut gratum mihi beneficium factis experiar. Dae. Licet.
Trac. Omnian 'licet'? Dae. Licet. tibi rursum refero gratiam.
Sed propera ire in urbem actutum et recipe te huc rursum. Trac. Licet.
Iam hic ero. tu interibi adorna ceterum quod opust. Dae. Licet.
Hercules istum infelicet cum sua licentia:
Ita meas repleuit auris. quidquid memorabam, 'licet'.

Gripus Daemones IV, vii

Gri. Quam mox licet te conpellare, Daemones?
Dae. Quid est negoti, Gripe? Gri. De illo uidulo,
Si sapias, sapias: habeas quod di dant boni.
Dae. Aequom uidetur tibi ut ego alienum quod est
Meum esse dicam? Gri. Quodne ego inueni in mari?
Dae. Tanto illi melius optigit qui perdidit:
Tuom esse nihilo magis oportet uidulum.
Gri. Isto tu pauper es, quom nimis sancte pius es.
Dae. O Gripe Gripe, in aetate hominum plurumae
Fiunt transennae, ubi decipiuntur dolis.
Atque edepol in eas plerumque esca inponitur,
Quam si quis auidus poscit escam auariter,
Decipitur in transenna auaritia sua.
Ille qui consulte, docte atque astute cauet,

TRAC. And get your daughter to urge him; she'll easily have her way with him.

DAE. Sure.

TRAC. And have Ampelisca marry me, when I'm free.

DAE. Sure.

TRAC. And let me find you grateful.

DAE. Sure.

TRAC. Are *you* so sure of everything?

DAE. Sure; I'm just returning in kind. But go quickly to the city, and be back again.

TRAC. Sure; I'll be back immediately. You, meanwhile, attend to the rest.

DAE. Sure. [*Exit Trachalio to the town.*] The curse of Hercules be on him and his sureness. He has split my ears with his continual "sure" to everything I said.

*Enter Gripus from cottage.*

GRI. How soon may I speak to you, Daemones?

DAE. What's the matter, Gripus?

GRI. About that hamper—a word to the wise! Keep what the gods have given you.

DAE. Shall I claim what belongs to another?

GRI. But I found it in the sea!

DAE. All the better for the man who lost it; it doesn't make it any more yours on that account.

GRI. This is why you're poor, Daemones; you're too good.

DAE. O Gripus, Gripus, we find many pitfalls in this life, and traps to ensnare us; and the bait is so cunningly placed, that while in our greed we reach for it, we are caught. When a man is very careful, and

Diutine uti bene licet partum bene.
Mihi istaec uidetur praeda praedatum irier,
Vt cum maiore dote abeat quam aduenerit.
Egone ut quod ad me adlatum esse alienum sciam
Celem? minume istuc faciet noster Daemones.
Semper cauere hoc sapientis aequissumumst,
Ne conscii sint ipsi malefici suis.
Ego mihi conlusim nil moror ullum lucrum.
GRI. Spectaui ego pridem comicos ad istunc modum
Sapienter dicta dicere atque is plaudier,
Quom illos sapientis mores monstrabant poplo.
Sed quom inde suam quisque ibant diuorsi domum,
Nullus erat illo pacto ut illi iusserant.
DAE. Abi intro, ne molestus es, linguae tempera.
Ego tibi daturus nil sum, ne tu frustra sis.
GRI. At ego deos quaeso, ut quidquid in illo uidulost,
Si aurum, si argentumst, omne id ut fiat cinis.
DAE. Illuc est quod nos nequam seruis utimur.
Nam illic cum seruo si quo congressus foret,
Et ipsum sese et illum furti adstringeret.
Dum praedam habere se censeret, interim
Praeda ipsus esset: praeda praedam duceret.
Nunc hinc intro ibo et sacruficabo: postibi
Iubebo nobis cenam continuo coqui.

PLESIDIPPUS TRACHALIO IV, viii

PLES. Iterum mihi istaec omnia itera, mi anime, mi Trachalio,
Mi liberte, mi patrone, immo potius mi pater:
Repperit patrem Palaestra suom atque matrem? TRAC. Repperit.

clever, he may enjoy for a long time that which is honestly his. But this appears to be plunder that will soon be plundered from you again, wherein you lose more than you get. Shall I conceal what you have brought here, when I know it belongs to another? Your master will never do that. The wise man will always find it best to have no part in another's wrong. I don't care for wealth gained by deception.

GRI. I've often gone to the play and heard talk like that, with the audience applauding the words of wisdom. But when we went back home, no one acted on the advice he had heard.

DAE. Hold your tongue, and don't be troublesome; you may go inside. I'll not give it to you; don't deceive yourself.

GRI. I hope to heaven everything in that hamper, whether gold or silver, turns to ashes. [*Exit.*]

DAE. That's the reason we have such dishonest slaves. If he had applied to one of his fellows, he would have implicated both himself and the other in theft. While he would think to gull some one else, he would himself be gulled; one act would bring on the other. But I will go in and sacrifice, and then order dinner. [*Exit into cottage.*]

*Enter Plesidippus and Trachalio from right.*

PLES. Tell me that again, my dear Trachalio, my freedman, nay rather my patron, my father. Has Palaestra really found her parents?

TRAC. She has.

Ples. Et popularis est? Trac. Opino. Ples. Et nupturast mihi? Trac. Suspicor.
Ples. Censen hodie despondebit eam mihi, quaeso? Trac. Censeo.
Ples. Quid, patri etiam gratulabor quom illam inuenit? Trac. Censeo.
Ples. Quid, matri eius? Trac. Censeo. Ples. Quid ergo censes? Trac. Quod rogas,
Censeo. Ples. Dic ergo quanti censes. Trac. Egone? censeo.
Ples. Adsum equidem, ne censionem semper facias. Trac. Censeo.
Ples. Quid, si curram? Trac. Censeo. Ples. An sic potius placide? Trac. Censeo.
Ples. Etiamne eam adueniens salutem? Trac. Censeo. Ples. Etiam patrem?
Trac. Censeo. Ples. Post eius matrem? Trac. Censeo. quid postea?
Ples. Etiamne adueniens complectar eius patrem? Trac. Non censeo.
Ples. Quid, matrem? Trac. Non censeo. Ples. Quid, eampse illam? Trac. Non censeo.
Ples. Perii, dilectum dimisit: nunc non censet, quom uolo.

PLES. And is an Athenian?

TRAC. I understand so.

PLES. And will marry me?

TRAC. I suspect as much.

PLES. Do you think he will betroth her today?

TRAC. I reckon.

PLES. Shall I congratulate her father on finding her?

TRAC. I reckon.

PLES. And her mother?

TRAC. I reckon.

PLES. What is it then you reckon?

TRAC. I reckon on what you ask.

PLES. Do you reckon up the amount then?

TRAC. Oh, I reckon.

PLES. But I am here in person; so will you not close your reckoning?

TRAC. I reckon.

PLES. Would you say the same, if I ran?

TRAC. I reckon.

PLES. If I walked slowly, like this?

TRAC. I reckon.

PLES. Shall I salute her when I see her?

TRAC. I reckon.

PLES. And her father?

TRAC. I reckon.

PLES. And her mother, too?

TRAC. I reckon. What next?

PLES. Well then, shall I embrace her father when I see him?

TRAC. I reckon not.

PLES. Her mother?

TRAC. I reckon not.

PLES. But the girl herself?

TRAC. I reckon not.

PLES. The devil! he has stopped the review; just

TRAC. Sanus non es: sequere. PLES. Duc me, mi patrone, quo lubet.

## ACTVS V

LABRAX V, i

LAB. Quis mest mortalis miserior qui uiuat alter hodie,
Quem ad recuperatores modo damnauit Plesidippus?
Abiudicata a me modost Palaestra: perditus sum.
Nam lenones ex Gaudio credo esse procreatos:
Ita omnes mortales, si quid est mali lenoni, gaudent.
Nunc alteram illam quae meast uisam huc in Veneris fanum,
Saltem ut eam abducam, de bonis quod restat reliquiarum.

GRIPUS LABRAX V, ii

GRI. Numquam edepol hodie ad uesperum Gripum inspicietis uiuom,
Nisi uidulus mihi redditur. LAB. Perii: quom mentionem
Fieri audio usquam uiduli, est quasi palo pectus tundat.
GRI. Istic scelestus liber est: ego qui in mari prehendi
Rete atque excepi uidulum, ei dari negatis quicquam?
LAB. Pro di inmortales, suo mihi hic sermone arrexit auris.
GRI. Cubitum hercle longis litteris signabo iam usquequaque,

when I want him to go on, he puts an end to his reckonings.

TRAC. *(Laughing)* What a fool you are! Come on.

PLES. My dear patron, take me where you will.

[*Exeunt into cottage.*]

## ACT V

*Enter Labrax from right.*

LAB. I am certainly the unluckiest man alive; I'm ruined, with the court deciding in favor of Plesidippus, and awarding Palaestra to him. Your procurer is the only real son of joy; he gives such joy to others, when he gets into trouble. I'll try at least to get the other girl away from the temple of Venus; she's all that's left of my property.

*Enter Gripus, carrying a spit; he talks back into cottage.*

GRI. You'll not see Gripus alive by evening, unless you return me the hamper.

LAB. The devil! Every time I hear the word "hamper", it's like driving a stake through my heart.

GRI. That scoundrel is free, while I, who fished the hamper out of the sea with my net, get nothing.

LAB. That puts a flea in my ear, by Jove.

GRI. I'll put up a sign, I will, with letters a yard

Si quis perdiderit uidulum cum auro atque argento multo,
Ad Gripum ut ueniat. non feretis istum, ut postulatis.
LAB. Meum hercle illic homo uidulum scit qui habet, ut ego opinor.
Adeundus mihi illic est homo: di quaeso subuenite.
GRI. Quid me intro reuocas? hoc uolo hic ante ostium extergere.
Nam hoc quidem pol e robigine, non est e ferro factum:
Ita quanto magis extergeo, rutilum atque tenuius fit.
Nam hoc quidem uenenatumst uerum: ita in manibus consenescit.
LAB. Adulescens, salue. GRI. Di te ament cum inraso capite. LAB. Quid fit?
GRI. Verum extergetur. LAB. Vt uales? GRI. Quid tu? num medicus quaeso's?
LAB. Immo edepol una littera plus sum quam medicus. GRI. Tum tu
Mendicus es. LAB. Tetigisti acu. GRI. Videtur digna forma.
Sed quid tibist? LAB. Hac proxuma nocte in mari mi et alii
Confractast nauis, perdidi quidquid erat miser ibi omne.
GRI. Quid perdidisti? LAB. Vidulum cum auro atque argento multo.
GRI. Ecquid meministi in uidulo qui periit quid ibi infuerit?

high, telling anyone who has lost a hamper full of gold and silver to see Gripus. You'll not get away with that as you think.

Lab. This fellow apparently knows who has my hamper; I'll speak to him. *(Approaching Gripus)* Help me, ye gods.

Gri. What are you calling for now? I want to clean this, outside. *(To himself)* Jove! There's no iron left; it's all rust. The more I rub, the thinner and rustier it gets; it's bewitched, and dissolves in my hand.

Lab. Good day, young man.

Gri. Lord bless you, you of the bald forehead.

Lab. How do you find yourself?

Gri. Busy cleaning this spit.

Lab. How are you, I mean?

Gri. Are you a doctor?

Lab. No, but I'm what comes from having one.

Gri. A beggar?

Lab. That strikes the nail on the head.

Gri. Well, you look the part. What's happened to you?

Lab. Shipwrecked last night, and lost all I had.

Gri. What did you lose?

Lab. A hamper full of gold and silver.

Gri. *(Jumping up in great excitement)* Do you remember what was in the lost hamper?

LAB. Quid refert, qui periit? GRI. Tamen— LAB. Sine hoc: aliud fabulemur.
GRI. Quid si ego sciam qui inuenerit? uolo ex te scire signa.
LAB. Nummi octingenti auri probi in marsuppio infuerunt,
Praeterea centum tetrachuma Philippa in pasceolo sorsus.
GRI. Magna hercle praedast: largiter mercedis indipiscar:
Di me omnes respiciunt: bene hercle ego hinc praedatus ibo.
Profectost huius uidulus. perge alia tu expedire.
LAB. Talentum argenti commodum magnum inerit in crumina,
Praterea sinus, cantharus, epichysis, gaulus, cyathus.
GRI. Papae: diuitias tu quidem habuisti luculentas.
LAB. Miserum istuc uerbum et pessumumst 'habuisse' et nihil habere.
GRI. Quid dare uelis qui istaec tibi inuestiget indicetque?
Eloquere propere celeriter. LAB. Nummos trecentos. GRI. Tricas—
LAB. Quadringentos. GRI. Tramas putidas— LAB. Quingentos. GRI. Cassam glandem—
LAB. Sescentos. GRI. Curculiunculos minutos fabulare.
LAB. Dabo septingentos. GRI. Os calet tibi: nunc id frigefactas.

LAB. What's the difference, now that it's lost?

GRI. And yet—

LAB. Excuse me; let's talk of something else.

GRI. Perhaps I know who found it. How can it be identified?

LAB. There were eight hundred gold pieces in it, in a purse, and a hundred Philippic pieces, in addition, in a leather bag.

GRI. *(Aside)* Here's plunder for you; there will be a large reward. I'm a favorite of the gods, and will just annex this plunder. It's his hamper, all right. *(To Labrax)* Go on with the rest.

LAB. Then you'll find a full-weight talent of silver, in a money-bag, and besides that, a drinking-bowl, a tankard, a pitcher, a jug, and a ladle.

GRI. My! but you had a rich pile!

LAB. That's a miserable and cursed word, to say I "had".

GRI. What would you care to give to the man who discovered this and showed it to you? Tell me quickly.

LAB. Three hundred drachmas.

GRI. Stuff and nonsense!

LAB. Four hundred then.

GRI. A dirty bagatelle!

LAB. Five hundred.

GRI. An empty nut!

LAB. Six hundred.

GRI. That's weevil talk.

LAB. I'll give eight hundred.

GRI. Your mouth's hot, and you're trying to cool it off.

Lab. Mille dabo nummum. Gri. Somnias. Lab. Nihil addo. Gri. Abi igitur. Lab. Audi:
Si hercle abiero hinc, hic non ero. uin centum et mille? Gri. Dormis.
Lab. Eloquere quantum postules. Gri. Quo nihil inuitus addas,
Talentum magnum: non potest triobolum hinc abesse:
Proin tu uel aias uel neges. Lab. Quid istic? necessumst, uideo:
Dabitur talentum. Gri. Accededum huc: Venus haec uolo adroget te.
Lab. Quod tibi lubet, id mi impera. Gri. Tange aram hanc Veneris. Lab. Tango.
Gri. Per Venerem hanc iurandumst tibi. Lab. Quid iurem? Gri. Quod iubebo.
Lab. Praei uerbis quiduis: quod domist, numquam ulli supplicabo.
Gri. Tene aram hanc. Lab. Teneo. Gri. Deiera te argentum mihi daturum
Eodem die tui uiduli ubi sis potitus. Lab. Fiat.
Venus Cyrenensis, testem te testor mihi,
Si uidulum illum, quem ego in naui perdidi,
Cum auro atque argento saluom inuestigauero
Isque in potestatem meam peruenerit,

LAB. Make it a thousand, then.

GRI. You're dreaming.

LAB. I'll not add another penny.

GRI. Good-bye, then.

LAB. Hold on; if I go away from here, I'll be gone. Do you want eleven hundred?

GRI. You're asleep.

LAB. Tell me how much you do want.

GRI. A talent of silver; and you needn't add to that unless you wish to—but not a cent less. Say yes or no.

LAB. Well, as I see it's necessary, I'll give the talent.

GRI. *(Going to the altar)* Come here; I want Venus to hear your oath.

LAB. Anything you wish; give me your orders.

GRI. Touch the altar.

LAB. I'm touching it.

GRI. Swear before Venus, here.

LAB. Swear what?

GRI. What I tell you.

LAB. Dictate any oaths you want; but, as I am never at a loss for them, I don't need help.

GRI. Now touch the altar.

LAB. I'm touching it.

GRI. Swear that you will give me the money, as soon as you get your hamper.

LAB. Very well.

GRI. Repeat after me: Venus of Cyrene, I call thee to witness,

LAB. Venus of Cyrene, I call thee to witness,

GRI. If I find the hamper full of gold and silver, which I lost in the sea,

LAB. If I find the hamper full of gold and silver, which I lost in the sea,

Tum ego huic— Gri. Tum ego huic Gripo, inquito et me tangito.
Lab. Tum ego huic Gripo (dico, Venus, ut tu audias)
Talentum argenti magnum continuo dabo.
Gri. Si quid fraudassis, dic ut te in quaestu tuo
Venus eradicet caput atque aetatem tuam.
Tecum hoc habeto tamen, uti iuraueris.
Lab. Illaec aduorsum si quid peccasso, Venus,
Veneror te ut omnes miseri lenones sient.
Gri. Tamen fiet, etsi tu fidem seruaueris.
Tu hic opperire: iam ego faxo exibit senex:
Eum tu continuo uidulum reposcito.
Lab. Si maxume illum mihi reddiderit uidulum,
Non ego illic hodie debeo triobolum.
Meus arbitratust, lingua quod iuret mea.
Sed conticiscam: eccum exit et ducit senem.

Gripus Daemones Labrax V, iii

Gri. Sequere hac. Dae. Vbi istic lenost? Gri. Heus tu. em tibi, hic habet uidulum.
Dae. Habeo et fateor esse apud me: et, si tuos est, habeas tibi.
Omnia ut quidque infuere ita salua sistentur tibi.
Tene, si tuost. Lab. O di inmortales: meus est. salue, uidule.
Dae. Tuosne est? Lab. Rogitas? si quidem hercle Iouis fuit, meus est tamen.
Dae. Omnia insunt salua: una istinc cistella exceptast modo
Cum crepundiis, quibuscum hodie filiam inueni meam.

GRI. then I to this Gripus—(When you say that, touch me.)

LAB. then I to this Gripus—(I say this that thou mayest hear, O Venus.)

GRI. will at once give to him an Attic talent.

LAB. will at once give to him an Attic talent.

GRI. Pray also that if you cheat me, Venus shall curse you and your profession, root and branch. *(Aside)* And I pray that she does this, exactly as you swear it.

LAB. If, O Venus, I fail in my oath in any respect, I pray that all procurers may suffer.

GRI. *(Aside)* They will, even if you keep your oath. *(To Labrax)* Wait here; I'll bring the old man out. Then you ask at once for the hamper.

[*Exit into cottage.*]

LAB. Even if he does return, he'll never get a penny out of me. It's for me to decide what I shall swear to. But soft, here he comes with the old man.

*Enter Gripus with Daemones, Gripus carrying the hamper.*

GRI. This way.

DAE. Where's the procurer?

GRI. *(To Labrax)* Here's your man; he has the hamper.

DAE. *(To Labrax)* I acknowledge that I have; if it is yours, you may have it. You will find the contents untouched. Take it, if it is yours.

LAB. Immortal gods, it's mine. *(Kissing and embracing it)* Welcome back, my hamper.

DAE. It's yours then?

LAB. Even if it were Jove's, it's mine just the same.

DAE. Everything is there safe, with the exception of the little casket containing tokens by which I have discovered my daughter.

Lab. Quam? Dae. Tua quae fuit Palaestra, ea filia inuentast mea.
Lab. Bene mehercle factumst: quom istaec res tibi ex sententia
Pulchre euenit, gaudeo. Dae. Istuc facile non credo tibi.
Lab. Immo hercle, ut scias gaudere me, mihi triobolum
Ob eam ne duis: condono te. Dae. Benigne edepol facis.
Lab. Immo tu quidem hercle uero. Gri. Heus tu, iam habes uidulum.
Lab. Habeo. Gri. Propera. Lab. Quid properabo? Gri. Reddere argentum mihi.
Lab. Neque edepol tibi do neque quicquam debeo. Gri. Quae haec factiost?
Non debes? Lab. Non hercle uero. Gri. Non tu iuratus mihi es?
Lab. Iuratus sum, et nunc iurabo, si quid uoluptatist mihi:
Ius iurandum rei seruandae, non perdendae conditumst.
Gri. Cedo sis mihi talentum magnum argenti, periurissume.
Dae. Gripe, quod tu istum talentum poscis? Gri. Iuratust mihi
Dare. Lab. Lubet iurare: tun meo pontifex peiurio es?
Dae. Qua pro re argentum promisit hic tibi? Gri. Si uidulum
Hunc redegissem in potestatem eius, iuratust dare

LAB. Your daughter?

DAE. The girl whom you knew as Palaestra has proved to be my daughter.

LAB. That's good, by Jove; I'm glad things have turned out so well for you.

DAE. I can't readily believe that.

LAB. Well, by Jove, to make you believe it, don't give me a penny for her; she's yours, free.

DAE. That's certainly very generous.

LAB. On the contrary, you are the generous one.

GRI. I say, you've got your hamper now.

LAB. I have.

GRI. Then hurry up.

LAB. Hurry up about what?

GRI. To hand over the money.

LAB. I'll give you nothing, nor do I owe you anything.

GRI. What does this mean? You don't owe me anything?

LAB. No, by Jove.

GRI. Didn't you just swear to me?

LAB. Yes, and I'll swear again, if I please. Oaths were invented to save property, not to lose it.

GRI. Come, hand that Attic talent over, oath-breaker.

DAE. What's this talent you're demanding, Gripus?

GRI. The one he swore he would give me.

LAB. I make an oath when I please; are you my father confessor?

DAE. *(To Gripus)* For what did he promise you the money?

GRI. He swore to give me a full silver talent, if I returned his hamper.

Mihi talentum magnum argenti. LAB. Cedo quicum habeam iudicem,
Ni dolo malo instipulatus sis siue etiamdum siem
Quinque et uiginti annos natus. GRI. Habe cum hoc. LAB. Immo aliost opus.
DAE. Iam ab istoc auferre haud ausim si istunc condemnauero.
Promisistin huic argentum? LAB. Fateor. DAE. Quod seruo meo
Promisisti, meum esse oportet. ne tu, leno, postules
Te hic fide lenonia uti: non potes. GRI. Iam te ratus es
Nanctum hominem quem defraudares? dandum huc argentumst probum:
Id ego continuo huic dabo, adeo me ut hic emittat manu.
DAE. Quando ergo erga te benignus ego fui atque opera mea
Haec tibi sunt seruata— GRI. Immo hercle mea, ne tu dicas tua.
DAE. Si sapies, tacebis—tum te mihi benigne itidem addecet
Bene merenti bene referre gratiam. LAB. Nempe pro meo
Iure oras? DAE. Mirum quin tuom ius meo periclo abs te expetam.
GRI. Saluos sum: leno labascit: libertas portenditur.
DAE. Vidulum istunc ille inuenit: illud mancupium meumst.
Ego tibi hunc porro seruaui cum magna pecunia.

LAB. Come, name me some patron with whom I may go to court, to prove that you made the bargain under false pretenses, and that I am not yet twenty-five years old.

GRI. *(Pointing to Daemones)* Take him.

LAB. I'd rather have some one else.

DAE. Did you promise him this money?

LAB. I confess I did.

DAE. What you promised my slave, you owe me. Don't think you can be using a procurer's honor with me; you can't do it.

GRI. *(To Labrax)* Did you think you had found a man you could cheat? You'll have to pay this in full; then I'll give it to him for my freedom.

DAE. Since this was saved for you by my kindness and assistance—

GRI. By mine; don't say by yours.

DAE. *(To Gripus)* If you're wise, you'll keep quiet—*(To Labrax)* You will do well to repay my kindness by kindness on your part.

LAB. You recognize my rights then by your request?

DAE. It would be strange if I should risk trying to take your own rights from you.

GRI. *(Aside, as Labrax hesitates)* It's all safe; the procurer is wavering; freedom is at hand.

DAE. He found the hamper, and he is my property. I've saved this for you, with all the money in it.

Lab. Gratiam habeo et de talento nulla causast quin feras
Quod isti sum iuratus. Gri. Heus tu, mihi dato ergo, si sapis.
Dae. Tacen an non? Gri. Tu meam rem simulas agere: tibi munificus es.
Non hercle istoc me interuortes, si aliam praedam perdidi.
Dae. Vapulabis, uerbum si addes isto unum. Gri. Vel hercle enica:
Non tacebo umquam alio pacto, nisi talento conprimor.
Lab. Tibi operam hic quidem dat: tace. Dae. Concede hoc tu leno. Lab. Licet.
Gri. Palam age, nolo ego murmurillum neque susurrum fieri.
Dae. Dic mihi, quanti illam emisti tuam alteram mulierculam
Ampeliscam? Lab. Mille nummum denumeraui. Dae. Vin tibi
Condicionem luculentam ferre me? Lab. Sane uolo.
Dae. Diuiduom talentum faciam. Lab. Bene facis. Dae. Pro illa altera,
Libera ut sit, tibi dimidium sume, dimidium huc cedo.
Lab. Maxume. Dae. Pro illo dimidio ego Gripum emittam manu,
Quem propter tu uidulum et ego gnatam inueni. Lab. Bene facis:
Gratiam habeo magnam. Gri. Quom mox mi argentum ergo redditur?

LAB. *(After further hesitation)* I'm obliged to you, and as to the talent I swore to give him, you may have it.

GRI. Here, give that to me, please.

DAE. Will you keep quiet?

GRI. *(To Daemones)* While pretending to look after my interests, you're looking after your own. You'll not beat me out of this, by Jove, if I did lose the other.

DAE. You'll get a thrashing, if you say another word.

GRI. Beat me to death, but you'll never shut me up except with a talent.

LAB. *(To Gripus)* Keep quiet; he's doing this in your interest.

DAE. Step over this way, Labrax.

LAB. Very well.

GRI. No, do it openly; I don't like this secret diplomacy.

DAE. Shall I make you a first-rate offer?

LAB. By all means.

DAE. I'll divide that talent with you.

LAB. That's very kind.

DAE. Take one half of the talent yourself for the freedom of that other girl, and give the other half to me.

LAB. By all means.

DAE. With this half, I'll free Gripus, through whom you found your hamper, and I my daughter.

LAB. That's all right, and I'm very much obliged. *(They now turn toward Gripus.)*

GRI. How soon will the money be paid me?

DAE. Res solutast, Gripe. ego habeo. GRI. Tu hercle: at ego me mauolo.
DAE. Nihil hercle hic tibist, ne tu speres: iuris iurandi uolo
Gratiam facias. GRI. Perii hercle: nisi me suspendo, occidi.
Numquam hercle iterum defraudabis me quidem post hunc diem.
DAE. Hic hodie cenato, leno. LAB. Fiat: condicio placet.
DAE. Sequimini intro. spectatores, uos quoque ad cenam uocem,
Ni daturus nil sim neque sit quicquam pollucti domi,
Niue adeo uocatos credam uos esse ad cenam foras.
Verum si uoletis plausum fabulae huic clarum dare,
Comisatum omnes uenitote ad me ad annos sedecim.
Vos hic hodie cenatote ambo. GRI. LAB. Fiat. CAN-
Vos hic hodie cenatote ambo. GRI. et LAB. Fiat. CANTOR. Plausum date.

DAE. It's all paid, Gripus; I have it.

GRI. Yes, by Jove, but I prefer to have it myself.

DAE. There's nothing here for you; don't expect it. I want you to acquit him of his oath.

GRI. Curse the luck; I'm damned if I don't hang myself. You'll never cheat me again after today.

DAE. Labrax, dine with me.

LAB. Very well; I should be pleased.

DAE. Follow me in. *(To the audience)* I should invite you in the audience also, except that we're going to have nothing worth eating, and if I didn't think you all had dinner invitations anyway. But if you are willing to applaud the play heartily, come and make a night of it with me—sixteen years from now. *(To Labrax and Gripus)* You two will dine here.

LAB. and GRI. Very well.

DAE. Now, your applause.

T · MACCI · PLAVTI

# RVDENS

## FABVLA · PALLIATA
## A · GREGE · HAMILTONIANO · AGETVR

IN · CAMPO · ACADEMICO
A · D · XVIII · KAL · IVL · M · D · CCCC · XIX
HORA · NONA

**AVSPICIIS · SOCIETATIS · LITTERARVM**
**LATINARVM · HAMILTONIANAE**

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| PERSONÆ | ACTORES |
|---|---|
| ARCTVRVS · PROLOGVS | PHILIPPVS · IESSVP |
| SCEPARNIO · SERVOS | HAROLDVS · DODGE |
| PLESIDIPPVS · ADVLESCENS | PHILIPPVS · IESSVP |
| DAEMONES · SENEX | EDGARVS · COVPER |
| PALAESTRA · MVLIER | FREDERICVS · YEANDLE |
| AMPELISCA · MVLIER | GVLIELMVS · THORP |
| PTOLEMOCRATIA · SACERDOS | ALBERTVS · PIERCE |
| | RADVLPHVS · SPINNING |
| PISCATORES | GVLIELMVS · MC · VAY |
| | THOMAS · GORMAN |
| TRACHALIO · SERVOS | CHESTER · STRATTON |
| LABRAX · LENO | HORATIVS · WELLER |
| CHARMIDES · SENEX | ANTONIVS · LOPARDO |
| LORARII | |
| GRIPVS · PISCATOR | RAYMONDVS · GAPP |
| TIBICEN · SCAENICVS | THEODORVS · TVRNER |

# RUDENS

## (THE ROPE)

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS

BY

# PLAUTUS

Presented in Latin, under the Auspices of the Latin Club of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York, on the Campus, Saturday afternoon, June 14, 1919, at half past two o'clock

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## THE LATIN CLUB

R. E. Spinning, President    E. W. Couper, Vice-President
T. B. Gorman, Secretary-Treasurer
C. K. Chase, Regent

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| D. B. Durham | W. W. McVay | H. B. Weller |
| R. Gapp | A. H. Pierce | F. G. Yeandle |

The incidental music used to accompany the *cantica* is an arrangement scored for flute and two clarionettes, from the Frederic DeForest Allen *Phormio* music. Grateful acknowedgement of the indebtedness is here made.

There is no charge for admission.